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Our New Serial Story.

NELLIE'S MARRIAGE;

WAS IT A FAILURE?

BY MRS. E. M. DAVY,

Author of "Jack Dudley's Wife," "A Prince of Como," "Between Man and Wife," etc., etc. Now first published in America.

CHAPTER I.—FATE.

HE "Confessions" I am about to write will be found to shadow forth one of the most trying experiences that can fall to a woman's lot.

There is no need to "pile up the agony," or go out of my way to harrow the feelings. I shall simply relate the circumstances as they actually occurred; nevertheless, before you reach the end of this, my own true story, I think you will agree that my first experiences of wedded life fully warranted me in declaring that "marriage is indeed a failure."

At the time my story opens my parents were both dead, and, so far as I knew, I had no living relatives.

My father had occupied a good social position in the North of England—we always lived up to our means, perhaps, strictly speaking, somewhat beyond them—and when his death occurred, within a year of my mother's, I found myself, at the age of 23, "east homeless, and almost penniless, on the mercy of a cruel world."

I laugh as I write this sentence. For I do not believe the world one half as cruel as popular current fiction represents it. If there is any truth in the old adage, "God helps those who help themselves," it is equally true that the world emulates its maker. Men and women are, as a rule, ready enough to lend a helping hand to those who will work. With the exception, which proves the other rule, I have nothing now to do.

When my affairs were settled, every creditor being paid in full, my ostensible possessions consisted of a few articles of furniture, a very elaborate wardrobe, and just twenty pounds a year. That my friends sincerely pitied me I am convinced; some even shed tears when they expressed their deep commiseration: "My poor, poor child! Whatever is to become of you? Brought up as you have been in the very lap of luxury and with such expensive tastes!" were the usual sentiments variously expressed.

"I shall work," was my answer to one and all; but none seemed to understand me.

"Do you mean, dear, that you think of being a governess?"

"Certainly not; because I know I am not qualified. Yet I'll work for a living or perish in the attempt. Wait a while, and you shall see."

They waited; I pondered, and ultimately arranged my plans.

Now, secretly in my heart, I knew that I possessed gifts that were beyond the power of wealth to buy. These were health, youth and a happy disposition. The latter especially my parents had done their best to foster; and for that alone I owe them a debt of gratitude that will last my life.

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the style-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a,"

was the first song taught me as my mother danced me on her knee. At three-and-twenty both words and music had become incorporated with my very being.

Less than a dozen miles from my old home was a quiet little watering place, on the northeast coast, called Gulcotes. There my old nurse—a comely Northshire woman, now a widow—rented a modest dwelling, where she took lodgers in the summer time. I became her permanent lodger, which arrangement suited her purpose as well as it did my own.

Gulcotes may be summarily described as consisting of three parts: to the north, a row of fishermen's cottages fronting some houses and shops of ancient date, divided by a modern hotel from an old unpretentious crescent which overlooked the little haven; beyond these, and also facing the sea, a newly built and handsome terrace where reside most of the principal inhabitants of the place. Some of these residents, previous to my taking up my abode in the more humble crescent, were already numbered among my friends.

My tastes had always been artistic; now, I turned them to account. I found many eager pupils both at Gulcotes and the neighboring town of Lynmouth. The despatching of painted china to the "bakers," the large demand for materials requisite for my pastry work, fine crustaline painting, and decorative panels, testified to the result of my endeavors, so that within a year of arriving at Gulcotes I was earning what may be called a "moderate competency," and leading a very enjoyable, though by no means idle, life.

I was in tune with my environment. The much-abused variableness of the North-Country climate suited me to perfection. The appearance of the fisher people combined with their rugged dialect and quaint ways appealed to my artistic sense. As I became better acquainted with them, I strove my utmost to imbue the young girls with a love for their calling, and for the picturesque garb that had been in vogue at Gulcotes for so many generations. The little children, too, charmed me. They seemed—as children should be—always happy. If I saw a little one, by chance, in tears, I never could resist stopping, picking it up in my arms, and soothing it with a song.

I thought then, and I know now, that happiness resembles a flower. It may spring up in any soil, but needs cultivation before it can weather the storms of life.

One evening—my day's work ended—I threw myself upon the cushioned lounge close to the wide-open window of my small sitting-room. It was a glorious September evening. The scent of the seaweed—nowhere so sweet as on our Northeast coast—was wafted towards me. The voices of the fisherfolk, as they got ready their herring boats, mingled with the musical murmur of the sea.

Soon, quite a fleet of boats rowed out of the little haven, and presently, with hoisted sails glistening in the setting sun, they seemed to dance right merrily over the waves. Later, when darkness set in, their flickering lights looked like a flight of fireflies on the horizon.

I was falling into a delicious state of dreamy lethargy, when a sudden draught of air caused by the opening of the room door aroused me.

"Sorry te distorb ye," said Mrs. Griffiths, coming forward, "but a lad's fetched a note doon fra't' vicarage, an' says he mun hev an answer."

"O dear, O dear!" I sighed, laughingly. "What can they want at the vicarage now? They give one no peace, do they, Griffiths? I don't care whether it is Mr. Vicar or Mrs. Vicar! I'll not turn out for anyone tonight."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Griffiths closed the window and drew my writing table near me. Then she lighted the candles on it, and laid down the note.

"Mun an bide, honey?" she asked.

"Yes, please."

The missive was from my old friend, the vicar's wife. I opened it leisurely, singing softly to myself the while. But my song stopped suddenly as I read:

"DEAREST NELLIE:—Come to the vicarage to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock. We are inviting some friends to meet Philip Lorraine, who is coming to spend a day or two with us before going to India. *On dit* he has got a splendid appointment out there. —With love, ever yours.

"DORA SCROLEY."

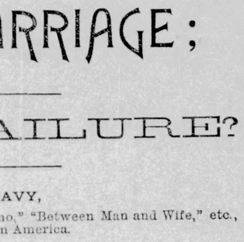
The warm color rushed into my face. How stupid of me! My hand shook I am certain—or why did the note flutter to the ground?

I was angry with myself for feeling my emotion; more angry still because I showed it.

I sprang into a sitting position, drew the writing materials towards me, and wrote a hurried answer, regretting my inability to accept the invitation. Then Mrs. Griffiths came forward and took the note to deliver to the messenger.

"I will not recall the past," I said to myself, when she had left the room. "Not even the ghost of it shall rise again! Did I not tear from my diary each leaf on which a word relating to that episode—that ridiculous episode—was written?"

My cheeks burned afresh with shame; I walked to the window, opened it and leaned out for the fresh sea breeze to cool them. "And now if he stays a few days at the vicarage it will be most difficult to avoid a meeting. I can but try—try by every means in my power to avert it. Still, should fate be stronger than I—should fate



I WAS ANGRY WITH MYSELF.

bring us once more together, what will be the result? Well! then there will be nothing for it but—to have my revenge! I am not at all a typical tragedy queen," I thought, laughing at the very idea of being the heroine of a vendetta, "but, so surely as fate throws Philip Lorraine across my path again, so surely will I try to punish him for ——"

In order to break off this train of thought, I placed myself before my easel, began designing a panel, and very soon became deeply absorbed in my work. I do not know how long I may have been thus occupied when Mrs. Griffiths showed in the vicar's wife.

"My dear Nellie!" she exclaimed, grasping both my hands with great empressement, and speaking almost breathlessly, "I've got your note. What do you mean? You positively must come to-morrow. If you have an engagement, give it up."

"But if I can't?"

"That's nonsense."

"I am very sorry," I said, seriously, "but really, Dora, you must excuse me. I have a great deal of work to do at present, and really cannot allow pleasure to interfere with it."

"Then you won't come because of ——" She dropped my hands, and looked at me with a scrutinizing expression.

"Because of what?"

"That ridiculous gossip about Philip Lorraine. Don't I know quite well there was nothing in it?—that neither of you dreamed of such a thing, until some busy scandal-monger ——"

"Oh, not that please! At most it was merely idle gossip."

"You are so nice about the choice of words as the poor dear vicar. But we are getting away from the object of my visit. If you don't come to-morrow evening, Nell, our friends will inquire the reason; Then the stupid old story will be revived ——"

"But what can any one say?" I asked, momentarily consoling myself with the thought that, after all, most women have some girlish folly to blush over.

"What won't they say? It's a place like this, we women have little else to talk about than each other's affairs."

Dora never denied that she dearly loved gossip. Everything that went on in Gulcotes was known to her, while her match-making proclivities were spoken of far and wide.

"If you really are so bent on it, I suppose I must arrange to come," I said, as demurely as I could. "Please forget that I declined. Shall I bring music?"

"My dear girl! don't you know that we always depend on you for that? Bring something thrillingly sentimental ——"

"When does your visitor arrive?"

"To-night. The vicar was setting off to the station to meet him when I came here. You dear girl! I am so glad I have succeeded in convincing you that it is best for you and Mr. Lorraine to meet. Mind, look your very nicest, and wear your 'Liberty' gown," she added, as she kissed me good night at the door.

"Which?" inquired mischievously. Fortunately for me, all my gowns being "Liberty's," they were never out of fashion.

"Oh! the—the—you know! But now I must fly."

I felt serious enough when I had closed the door on her; for a happy day had come to a rather unpleasant finale, and I went to bed with the strongest determination not to think. If any of my readers have ever tried as hard as I did to arrive at that much-coveted state of mental apathy, they probably know the result better than I can describe it to them.

I believed it to be essential to my happiness that I should not again meet Philip Lorraine. Fate had been stronger than I; for fate had decreed meet we must. But how? That was now the question to which I should have to find the answer.

Before daylight came I had found that answer and arranged my "plan of campaign." Then—and not till then—I sank into a peaceful and refreshing slumber.

CHAPTER II.—MY VENDETTA.

The following day I went considerably out of my way rather than pass the vicarage.

I gave several lessons both morning and afternoon, enjoying them as usual, though with a difference; for in imagination I was continually rehearsing the part I meant to play at night, nor could I restrain an occasional smile of delighted triumph at the anticipated result.

Being "only" a woman, I bestowed more care on my toilette than I ever bestowed on it before. For the first time since my father's death I discarded the delicate "harmonies in grey" I had been wearing for one of the gravest gowns in what I have already said was a very elaborate wardrobe. This was an arrangement of clinging draperies in soft sea-green silk that might have composed the costume of a sea-nymph. My sole ornament was a single row of pearls; each bead had been carefully selected by my dear father, and the necklace was given me on the day I came of age. Hitherto I had cared little about my looks; now, however, I surveyed them critically, and was not ashamed to own I was delighted with them. I even "inventoried" them somewhat after the fashion of Olivia: "item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin," and so forth.

An overseeming sense of self-satisfaction raised my spirits to the highest pitch.

I reached the vicarage late; "it was part of my "plan," and, lightly ruffling up the tawny curls upon my forehead, I entered the drawing-room with my brightest smile.

Some twenty guests were assembled, all known to me. The vicar's portly person, as he came forward, for the moment hid some of the company from my view. But when he moved aside, I saw instantly the slight, graceful form of the man I had been so anxious to avoid.

The clear-cut, delicate features of the sensitive face, contrasting in its pallor with the dark hair and moustache, gave him an air of distinction that at any time would have appealed to my sense of the beautiful. And, with a feeling of annoyance, I knew that I did so now.

"Mr. Lorraine—here is Miss Blake at last," I heard Mrs. Scroley say, and saw her touch him on the arm.

HE CAME FORWARD EAGERLY.

He came forward eagerly and held out his hand; some strange power impelling me, even against my will, to give him mine. The look in his usually dreamy eyes was full of fire and intensity; so eloquent—it startled me and caused me to falter in my purpose. His hand-clasp tightened. I felt the tell-tale color deepen in my face; another moment, and I might have forgotten my *role*, but the vicar came, quite unconsciously, to my aid.

"Don't you think Miss Blake does us credit?" he exclaimed, with a kind of showman-like manner. "Isn't she looking well? All the sea air, my dear Lorraine; there's nothing like it. You found out its efficacy when you were down here among us two years ago. Our now eminent engineer scarcely looks as strong as he was then, does he?"

He spoke the last words in a lower and half-confidential tone to me.

"Really, I don't know." I answered, laughing lightly. "My medical knowledge is—is—simply nowhere. So you intend going to India immediately, I understand, Mr. Lorraine?" I asked with affected carelessness, glancing about the room and acknowledging some of my oldest friends by bows and smiles.

He did not answer for a moment; I knew that he was watching me intently.

"Yes—as you say—immediately," he replied, speaking very slowly.

"Then I wish you *bon voyage* with all my heart. I fancy you are a good sailor; most people are so now-a-days. What a difference there is in tastes!" I continued, turning pointedly to Mrs. Scroley. "Fancy, if you or I were told we had to go to India, say to-morrow, or next day, or even next week, we should scarcely survive the announcement. Oh, it would be quite too utterly awful!"

"Really, Nellie, dear, I don't understand you. Surely you must be joking," she answered, looking at me displeased and puzzled.

"Not at all, I assure you."

"Oh, yes. It is one of Miss Nellie's charming little jokes," echoed the vicar serenely.

"I think not," said Philip, very quietly, but with such peculiar meaning in his tone —which was, withal, so sorrowful—that I had the greatest difficulty to refrain from looking at him.

"Miss Blake is asked to sing," said somebody at this juncture; and, glad of the timely interruption, I went at once to the piano and sang "Ah-Willow," which in the semi-comic pathos I could command.

This was so rapturously received that I gave other songs from "The Mikado" with a spirit and *verve* not often attempted in a private drawing room. I was not myself, you must remember; I was acting a part; and every moment I was becoming more carried away with what I considered the success of it. The men crowded round me, applauding each song. Philip Lorraine alone remained aloof.

"Brava, brava!" cried a young officer from Lynmouth Barracks. "You're a brick, Miss Blake," he added, *sotto voce*.

"Am I, really?"

"That you are! And, by Jove, none of us had an idea ——"

"No? You have now?"

"Rather!"

"We all possess some latent power that only requires to be called into action—our reserve forces, you know."

I liked young Waldy, regarding him as a mere boy. He was a blue-eyed, curly-headed, amusing young fellow, new to the service—one who, by and by, might make his mark in it, but not quite yet.

Leaning over the piano, and dropping his voice to a low, confidential tone, he asked:

"Miss Blake, may I tell you what our colonel says of you?"

"If it is sufficiently flattering, of course."

"That depends on how you take it. You see we were discussing the Lynmouth and Gulcotes girls last night at mess. The colonel said: 'Miss Blake is talented, but not clever. She ought to make a good match, but won't. She's just the girl to throw herself away on a poor curate ——'"

"Oh, spare me!" I sighed, parenthetically.

"I'm a little headed, you know, Miss Blake, and was dying to say something, when he added—'or an equally poor devil of a subaltern.'" And the young fellow stopped, blushing furiously.

"I am glad Col. Campbell does not consider me worldly," I remarked, composedly, after a moment's pause.

"I'm quite sure he does not. None of us do. But, by Jove! with your talents, and ... and ... attractions ——"

"Don't talk nonsense."

I ran my fingers lightly over the keys, and was about to sing again, when the vicar called from the whist-table where he was getting as much enjoyment out of his favorite game as the music would allow ——

"If there is to be any more singing, surely someone will be good enough to relieve Miss Blake. Mrs. Scroley suggests she must be quite exhausted."

"Oh, nothing ever tires me," I assured him. "And I love to feel that I am amusing your guests; but if anyone else ——"

"No one else would venture *now*," said Dora. "Why didn't you sing the style of song I asked you?" she whispered to me impatiently. There was an unpleasant significance in her words and manner which I thought it better to ignore.

"Where is Mr. Lorraine?" I inquired, pointedly. "Do persuade him to play or sing something of his own. It would be such a charming contrast to my ——"

I stopped short in some discomfiture, for, entirely contrary to my expectation, Philip Lorraine, who had heard my words, came to the piano. There was a look of intense pain stamped on his countenance. Without seeming to see me, though I made way for him, he sat down at the instrument and began Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." He played divinely. Every voice was hushed. The sudden transition from my light music to that of exquisite pathos had an almost electrical influence on some of the listeners, most of whom were musical; while the effect produced on myself was as though every note—coming, as it seemed, from the soul of the performer—spoke to me a reproach. I fought against the uncomfortable impression, however, and determined to end the evening as I had begun.

When Mr. Lorraine ceased playing, he almost immediately left the room, and shortly afterwards the company began to disperse. I was not permitted to go until the very last; and then both the vicar and his wife came with me to the door.

"Well! you have done for yourself!" exclaimed the latter.

"I am sure we are very much indebted to Miss Blake," said her husband good-naturedly, "for her very delightful ——"

"Performance," added his wife, with sarcastic emphasis. "Good night, Nellie dear; and if ever I try to do you a good turn again ——"

"Take Punch's advice, Dora—don't. And, laughing gaily, I ran down to the gate followed closely by Mrs. Griffiths, who always came for me on such occasions.

It was a lovely night. I crossed the road and stood for a moment to watch the sea shimmering in the moon's beams.

"Hoo nev ye enjoyed yer party; honey?" asked Mrs. Griffiths.

I answered in the way I often talked to my dear old nurse.

"I feel as though I had been a naughty girl, Griffiths, as I used to be when you had to put me in the corner long ago. But I am quite good now. What else could one be, face to face with this?"

The efforts during the evening had cost me more than I imagined. An unwonted feeling of sadness was stealing over me; the strains of Beethoven's sonata still lingered in my ears.

"Allow me to walk home with you," said a man's voice, so near that, but for its low, pathetic accents, would have startled me. Turning round, I found myself face to face with Philip Lorraine.

"On no account, thank you. I have my usual escort. Good night," was my hurried and not unembarrassed reply.

"Will you kindly walk on?" he asked of Mrs. Griffiths. "I wish to speak to Miss Blake privately."

This was a bold stroke, and one for which I was quite unprepared.

"Aa'll gan an' be gettin' the door opened, Miss Nellie." So saying, and before there was time to stop her, Mrs. Griffiths departed.

"Miss Blake—Nellie! What have I done that you should treat me as you have tonight?" inquired Mr. Lorraine, as he walked by my side along the cliff.

"I do not know what right you have to call me to account for—for—anything," I said, turning my face away, because I felt ashamed to look at him after—what seemed to me now—this childish part I had been playing.

"Pray pardon me," he replied. "I came here believing I certainly had some right; that of—— But your manner chills me. I cannot go on. The words I came to speak die on my lips. If you would only say in what way I have been so very unfortunate as to offend you!"

"Why suppose I am offended? I am sure I have not said so."

"No. And that is the hardest part of it. This meeting—which I have looked forward to with such—happiness ——" He paused a moment, then resumed. "Never for an instant dreaming that I should find you changed ——"

"And you do find me changed?"

"To all appearance, yes. Most sadly."

"And even if I am? What difference could it make—to you?" I asked involuntarily, with a little catching of the breath.

"Only this, Miss Blake. If time and absence have really changed you as you would have me think, then, never more will I believe in truth, in honor, or in noble womanhood. My love—my love for you—was no short-lived passion, but deep and true and tender—a love that lasts for life; one that—pardon me for saying so—I believed you not only understood, but shared. I told you of my poor circumstances when we parted. Every day, every hour, since then I have been endeavoring to improve my worldly position—for your dear sake. By great good fortune it seemed to me—shall I go on?" he asked, after a moment's pause. "I will not do so unless you wish it." The last sentence was spoken proudly.

Without hurried glance at him I said: "Go on, please," then once more turned my gaze seawards, while we continued to walk slowly side by side.

"Thank you. As soon as I obtained this Indian appointment, I wrote to Mrs. Scroley. She had been very kind and hospitable to me when I was at the pier-works here two years ago, and knew of my—attachment. She wrote at once, inviting me to the vicarage."

"Did she—did she mention me?" I asked quickly.

"Yes. She said how nobly you had borne misfortune, how patiently you were enduring the hardships and poverty ——"

"Oh, that is only Dora's nonsense—her *facon de parler*. I assure you I have undergone no hardships; I am simply living the life that apparently I was cut out for. Never, never have I been happier than the last twelve months."

"Mrs. Scroley—who calls herself your friend—would evidently have me think very differently ——"

"Please do not repeat anything she may have said, or even insinuated. If you do I might feel it necessary to quarrel with Dora at once. Our friends are often—innocently, or not—our greatest enemies. Judge for yourself of me. Am I not happiness personified?"

"If you would but turn and look at me," he said, gently. "I should know all that concerns me then."

We had reached the house in the crescent where I lodged. The door stood open, showing a light within. We stood still now by mutual consent; the moonlight made the night almost as clear as day. There was no help for it; the time had come to confront him.

At last I raised my eyes, but for one moment only; the next, my eyelids fell beneath the intensity of his gaze.

"Nellie! Can it be true?" he cried, rapturously, and caught my hands and held them against his breast—"true that you are your own dear self again! The girl I loved and ——"

"And—and—left!" I stammered, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry, so altogether strange to me was the feeling of this new gladness.

"My darling! I loved you so dearly that it seemed you must intuitively read my heart. I told you of my poverty ——"

"Yes, Philip dear. But you didn't say anything about my sharing it with you, and I

couldn't, you know—I really couldn't—ask you if I might! And so you behaved like the 'gay young knight' in the old ballad, 'who loved and he rode away!'"

"It was an error in judgment," he said, regretfully; "one that has nearly cost me very dear."

"You almost lost me by it, Phil; that is all. And you naturally rather—rather reticent?" I asked, a little anxiously.

"Yes; but you shall cure me, Nellie. If you consent to be henceforth the sunshine of my life, you shall see down into all the dark places of my soul, and give them light."

"Ah, don't tell me there are any dark places, Phil ——"

"At least, we will not speak of them tonight."

"No, for hark! the church clock is striking one. Griffiths has come to the door again to look for me. What will she think? I must really go."

"Nellie," he exclaimed eagerly, "one word before we part. You have not promised to be mine, nor shall you, until I have told you ——"

"What?"

"Everything there is to tell. This I will do to-morrow. Meanwhile ——"

"I love you," I whispered, my fingers clinging to his hand.

"No, no! Take back those words, my darling girl. I find you—contrary to what I had been led to believe—leading a life you love. Think well before you decide to change it, Nellie. It were better far that we had never met, than that I should be the means of casting a shadow on your bright path. May I come at noon to-morrow to know my fate?"

"If you positively and obstinately decline to hear it to-day lips to-night, sir."

"I do—I must."

"In that case, come to-morrow."

He seemed about to speak, but checked himself. He raised my hand, and pressed a kiss upon it; then turned and walked resolutely away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

True Enough.

Unnatural and illogical as it seems, quickness of thought and ignorance of grammar now and then go together. The result is often amusing and sometimes picturesque.

Teacher—Now, children, I will give you three words—boys, bees and bears—and I want you to compose a sentence which will include all three words.

Small boy—I have it.

Teacher—John McCarthy, you may give us your sentence.

John McCarthy—Boys bees bare whin they goes in swimmin'.—*Omaha World.*

Giving Him What He Wanted.

Omaha Housewife—"How would you like a good chop for breakfast?"

Tramp—"Just what I've been looking for!"

O. H.—"Well, you'll find the ax and wood right there in the wood house. You can chop till I see if I can find you some left-over coffee and a yesterday's pancake.—*Omaha World.*

Poetry.

Written for THE BLADE.

"CATCHIN' FISH IN YELLOW CRIK."

BY C. M. MORSE.

Looking backward, it must be
Thirty years, at least, since we,
Lawless boys, spent blissful days
In a round of thrilling plays;
"Marvels," town ball, pris'ner's base,
Indian warriors in the chase,
And—the best of all—when "Hank,"
"Jim" and I sat on the bank,
Along with Rodger, Will and "Dick,"
"Catchin' fish in Yellow Crik."

With our boxes full of bait,
Walking at our fastest gait,
Trailing poles, and bragging loud,
What a merry, careless crowd!
Rushing, then, at rapid pace,
Each one claiming his "own place,"
Settling down to quiet work,
Till, at last, "Hank" gives a jerk—
Not too strong, but light, and quick—
"Catchin' fish in Yellow Crik."

At our feet the silent pool,
Bubble-dotted, deep and cool,
Underneath the sycamore;
And, across, the sloping shore,
Willow-covered down to where
Thompson's bridge cuts through the air;
All the atmosphere aglint—
Scented, too, with "spearmint"—
Lolling in the grass so thick,
"Catchin' fish in Yellow Crik."

We all "set" our poles and look,
While Hank loosens from his hook
Such a sucker! shiny, strong—
"Bet Lo's full twelve inches long!"
Then we try for goodness sake, and yet
Not a single boy can get
One faint "nibble;" and we sigh,
As Hank lands them high and dry—
Then we claim he has some trick,
"Catchin' fish in Yellow Crik."

Now we toss our poles away
And begin our prankish play—
Skipping stones, and singing out,
Till, at last, Hank starts about,
Threatening to break our bones
If we "don't quit throwin' stones,
Skeerin' fish so they won't bite!"
Then we scamper out of sight,
Quick-disrobe, and plunge and kick
In "the best hole in the crik."

Sitting on the rail, before
Fish & Cutbait's village store,
As the day begins to wane,
We see Hank adown the lane,
Trudging homeward, carrying
Twenty suckers on his "string;"
And "Old" Cutbait says, "There, boys!
While you're makin' all the noise,
Hank's got sense enough to stick,
'Catchin' fish in Yellow Crik!'"

How we envied Hank his skill!
How we tried our best until
Clear discouraged, to compete,
And acknowledged ourselves "beat."
We all thought that Hank would be
"Something great," in time, while we
Should stand back and look at him
From a place obscure and dim—
For he "made us all feel sick,"
"Catchin' fish in Yellow Crik."

Well, I sit here with my pen
Living those old days again.
"Jim" is now the president
Of a railroad. "Bill" went
Far away to practice law.
Somewhere out in Arkansaw.
Will's a preacher—highest rank;—
"Dick" is owner of a bank;
But "Hank" sits there, like a stick,
"Catchin' fish in Yellow Crik."

HE GOT DISCOURAGED.

Ice Water a Poor Reward for a Lie as Well Told as This.

"Pretty rough, this Oklahoma business, but no rougher than Texas was when I first went out there," said the man with the sandy goatee, as he laid aside his paper.

"Were you ranching?" asked one of the group.

"No, sir; I was a railroad station agent."

"Must have seen a great deal of lawlessness?"

"Oceans of it, sir; oceans of it. I had to kill five men in the year 1866."

"You did!"

"Yes, sir, and wound as many more. Didn't want to do it, you know; but it was kill or be killed. The crowd let me alone after awhile, but the Indians were a great nuisance. I was just counting up how many I killed in 28 months, and I am greatly disappointed."

"How many did you make out?"

"Only thirty-four, but I am satisfied that I have left out seven or eight somehow. When such a thing as that is once off your mind it is hard to recall exact figures."

"You have had some narrow escapes."

"Over a hundred, sir, and been wounded sixteen different times. The boys once put up a rattlesnake job on me to try my nerve."

"How was it?"

"They caught five big fellows, and turned 'em loose in my office while I was at supper. When I returned I was very busy thinking, and so walked right in on them without warning."

"Mercy on me! And then? ——"

"I got seated at my desk, and the serpents began to rattle and menace me. Three of the boys were looking in at the window, and I was determined not to show a sign of weakness."

"But you might have been bitten."

"I was bitten. Three of the snakes struck me in the left leg."

"And you didn't die?"

"As you see."

"But—you—you—"

"I had a quart of whisky, and I drank it and counteracted the poison. It wasn't quite enough, however, and there are days now and then when I feel very queer."

"What is the exact sensation?"

"Very dry in my throat, and I always make bold to ask any gentleman near me if he carries a flask. If any of you gents happens to have such an article with you I shall be ever so grateful. I think I feel the premonitory symptoms."

"But we haven't. We are all delegates to the temperance convention at Dubuque."

"You are! Well, I took my chances and lost. That's the last time I tell that lie unless I see the bulge of a flask in some one's pocket before I begin. This is the third time to-day, and I haven't got the first smell of anything but ice water."—*New York Sun.*

Diplomacy.

A gentleman was walking along Elizabeth street a few mornings ago. A little boy, 4 or 5 years old, stood in a gateway. As the gentleman approached the little fellow said:

"Good morning."

The gentleman saluted the youngster and entered into conversation with him.

"You don't know what I'm doing," said the little fellow.

"What?"

"I'm saving up to get five cents."

"How much have you got towards the sum?"

"Well, I haven't got any just yet."

Of course the gentlemen put his hand in his pocket and found three pennies, which he handed over.

"I'll have to get two more before I have five, won't I?"

"Yes," replied the gentleman, without taking the hint, "but what are you going to do with the five cents after you get it?"

"Well, I hadn't made up my mind yet. I wanted to get the five cents first."

Well, I hope you will succeed in raising the desired amount," said the gentleman, as he walked away.

Who says that boy will not get along?—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Whole Subject Presented.

A little Boston girl was rebuked the other day for certain irregularities of behavior.

"Look here, my dear Emily," said the mother, "if you do like that you won't go to heaven."

"Don't want to go to heaven," said Emily.

"What! You do not want to go to heaven?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Got to die first."—*Boston Transcript.*

Louder Than Words.

"Well, Ned, I proposed to Miss Jenkins last night, and she has accepted me."

"Did you, though? Why, I never for a moment thought you had the slightest idea of marrying."

"I didn't, but Miss Jenkins won me so completely by her beautiful tact and delicate forethought."

"In what respect?"

"Why, when I called she walked up to the mantelpiece and stopped the clock.—*Merchant Traveler.*

THE FOLLETT CURSE;

A TALE OF AMERICAN LIFE OF TO-DAY.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

DEATH BRINGS RECONCILIATION.

AYS lengthened into weeks, however, and no tidings came of Anna Pearce. Harry Follett and his wife were much disturbed over her disappearance, but no effort to find a clue was rewarded with the slightest success. Frank Danforth and Jennie often discussed the mystery of her disappearance, and its probable duration.

"You see, Frank," said Jennie, on one occasion, "she had enough money to last her for several months—but the time must come when she will find the bottom of her purse. Then she will be obliged to let somebody know of her whereabouts. I am sure we shall hear from her after awhile."

"It may be," assented Frank. "But to get more money she must apply to her guardian; and it is not likely that she knows Morris has resigned that position and a new guardian been appointed by the Iowa court. Unless she knows this, she will not reveal herself; for she will not ask for her money if she thinks she will have to apply to Morris."

Jennie suddenly sat erect, gazing into Frank's face with parted lips and luminous eyes. "Oh, Frank! I think we have all been fools! It is perfectly plain to me now!"

"What is so plain?"

"Why, when Anna will return!"

"Please explain. When will it be?"

"After her birthday, of course! Let me see—yes, it comes on December 15. Anna will come back then!"

"I am dull, I suppose, but I do not yet understand clearly."

"Why, it is perfectly plain! On December 15 Anna Pearce will be of age, and enter on full possession of her own property. Her guardian will have to give it up then. She has plenty of money to last her till that time. Depend upon it, we shall see the dear girl then. She is simply in hiding till her birthday!"

"I fancy you are right, Jennie. I must speak to Mr. Follett about it."

"Let us go over to the house at once, Frank! I want to calm Mrs. Follett's anxiety. She fears everything terrible has happened to Anne!"

Harry listened to the impetuous girl with interest. "No doubt you are right, Miss Jennie," he remarked, as she concluded. "I never knew the date on which she will come of age, and had no idea it was so soon. Why, it is only three weks hence!"

"And in three weeks you think we will hear from Anna?" inquired Milly, anxiously.

"Without doubt. We will either hear of her, or see her in person. I should not be surprised were she to return to us, rather than to go to Iowa."

"You think, then, that she must be near here, after all?" queried Frank.

"It is more than likely that she is. I shall not be surprised to find that she is in Columbus, after all."

"Is there no way of reaching her at once through the newspapers?" exclaimed the irrepressible Jennie.

"That is a good idea. I shall try it, at least. I will ask that a statement of the condition of affairs here, published in the papers, might reach her, if she really be in or near Columbus. It is worth a trial, and it shall be done at once."

The notices, however, failed to elicit any response, and the friends of Anna Pearce anxiously awaited the 15th of December to see if she would appear.

It was the evening before that day. Milly sat at home alone with her little boy, moodily anxious as to her husband's whereabouts. He had for several days been drinking, and her remonstrances and tears had been met with angry retorts on his part. He had left the house at noon, and had not returned at tea-time. Milly had braved the stormy weather to go to his office to find it locked and deserted. With the falling of night the snow had begun to fly, and a fierce storm had finally set in, which moaned drearily about the house and accented her anxiety.

The evening passed on leaden wings—nine—ten struck from the little clock on the mantel, and Harry had not yet appeared. Milly heard the sound of a carriage, driven rapidly, in the street. It apparently stopped before the house, and there was a loud, imperious ring at the bell.

Dreading to hear ill news of her husband, Milly rushed into the hall and unlocked the door. To her intense surprise Aunt Betsey entered, sobbing, and folded her in her arms.

"Aunt Betsey! What is the matter? Is it Harry?"

"No, no, Milly! Your poor father! Come, quick, if you want to see him alive!"

Milly fairly reeled under the blow. "What is it? quick!" she gasped, as she dropped into a chair.

"There has been a railway accident a mile or so down the valley," explained Aunt Betsey, "and John was aboard the train, coming home. He is injured so that he can not live. Come to him quickly!"

"Oh, what can I do?" sobbed Milly. "Harry is away, and there is no one to leave baby with!"

"Leave and take him along!" and the old lady picked up the sleeping boy tenderly and wrapped him up snugly, while Milly was hurriedly getting into her wraps.

Milly's brain was in a whirl. So this was the end! Her disobedience of her father had estranged him, and the reconciliation she had so long dreamed of and hoped for was now to take place only at his death-bed! And the unwelcome thought obtruded itself: "After all, was her married life attractive enough to compensate for the estrangement of her father?" But she drew her baby closer to her, and strove to banish the husband's unworthiness in the joy of motherhood.

Old John Hargreave lay upon his bed with closed eyes, breathing heavily. His injuries were internal, being caused by his body being caught between two beams of the splintered car, when the train left the track and plunged down an embankment. Doctor Andrews sat mournfully by his bedside, recognizing the impotence of his art to battle with the mortal injuries of his patient. When Milly entered the familiar room, the tears gushed from her eyes as she looked upon her father's pale face, on which the death-damps were already gathering. She stifled her emotion, however, and knelt by the bedside.

"Is he conscious?" asked Aunt Betsey of Dr. Andrews, in a low tone.

The dying man opened his eyes, and they fell upon his daughter kneeling by him, her baby in her arms. "You, Milly?" he said, in a feeble voice.

"Yes, father. Oh, forgive me, forgive me!"

A shadow of a smile flitted over his wan face. "I am too much in need of forgiveness myself, Milly, not to forgive you. I was—too harsh."

"Don't say that, father! You meant it for the best!"

"Yes. But I was wrong. The baby!"

He lifted his hands and drew the little face down to kiss it. The big, wondering eyes of little Jack scanned his grandfather's face for the first time, and he allowed the caress without a murmur.

"You too, Milly!"

Milly bent down and kissed the pallid lips. "I could die easier," the old man murmured, "if I left you in better hands. But he cannot ruin you, Milly; I have seen to all that."

"Never mind, father! Don't talk of that! Only say that you fully, freely, forgive your daughter for her undutiful conduct!"

"Yes, yes, daughter," gasped the dying man. "Let me have the boy—my grandson!"

Milly laid the little fellow on the bed, his curly head on the old man's arm. Uncle John touched his rosy cheek tenderly. "Bear him carefully, Milly. Teach him to leave the devil of drink alone. Don't let the Follett curse overshadow him!" and he closed his eyes and fell into a stupor that lasted for an hour, when the Angel of Death put his seal on his lips forever.

It was past midnight when Milly returned home. The awful shock of her father's death could not drive from her mind anxiety on her husband's account. The storm had largely spent its force, but the snow was still falling, and the wind moaned drearily through the leafless trees as she left the carriage with the sleeping baby in her arms, and entered the house.

A brilliant light shone through the slightly-opened door of the sitting room. She pushed it open and stood amazed at what she saw.

On the lounge her husband lay, sleeping heavily. Before the fire sat Jennie Andrews—and the missing Anna Pearce.

The greeting on both sides was a glad one. Anna looked older and more womanly, but a quiet joy shone in her eyes, as she took the sleeping child from Milly's arms, and kissing him tenderly, laid him in his cot.

"Don't waken him, Mrs. Follett," said she, as Milly bent over her husband. "He came in very tired, and fell asleep as he was talking to me. Better let him rest."

Milly turned away with a sigh as she noted the compassion for herself in the eyes of both the girls. "And where have you been, Anna, these long weeks?" asked she as she seated herself by the girl.

"Just think of it, Mrs. Follett!" broke in the irrepressible Jennie. "She was in Columbus all this time—and what do you think? Actually a governess, under a false name!"

"Yes," smiled Anna. "I should have taken some one into my confidence, I see now. It would have saved much trouble. But I did not know which way to turn, I was so hemmed in."

She briefly told the arguments used by Morris to extort her consent to an engagement. "But I found I could not marry him. I knew he could do nothing if I should run away, and as I was thinking it over, it flashed across me that if I were to remain hidden until I was of age, I could defy his power. I had, fortunately, money enough to supply all my wants, and so I fled. I did not know how things were going here until I read the notice which I find Mr. Follett inserted in the papers. I was afraid, however, to show myself—for I know that man Morris," and she shuddered as she pronounced his name, "will stop at nothing to compass his ends. So I waited

Recent Literature.

SEVERAL INTERESTING VOLUMES.

Frith's "My Autobiography and Reminiscences" — The Tramp at Home — Fairy Tales—History of Ancient Civilization — Balzac's Bureaucracy — May Magazines — Literary Notes.

The second volume of "My Autobiography and Reminiscences," by W. P. Frith, R. A., has been received from Harper & Brothers, New York. Like the first, it is full of interest, containing perhaps less of purely personal happenings, but rich in stories of contemporaries, which bring before the reader vivid pictures of the notables of his time. Among them to whom chapters are devoted are Shirley Brooks, George Augustus Sala, and Charles Dickens, Landseer, Miss Braddon, and others. Mr. Frith as an artist holds a place by the side of the best England has produced. His present literary achievement, added to his artistic reputation, will give an additional honor to his name. What he has to say about the great personages with whom he was intimate will not fail to deeply interest all classes of intelligent readers.

From the same publishers comes a revised and enlarged edition of Prof. Adams's "Manual of Historical Literature," comprising brief descriptions of the most important histories in English, French and German. It contains clear, practical suggestions as to the best methods of historical study. The student of history could scarcely find a better book, with more wise suggestions. Much is always gained in study by method. To get properly started —to know what is best—and how to use it are all most valuable to the student. Prof. Adams, who is professor of history and president of Cornell University, is, from the nature of his position, practical in his suggestions. The volume makes up over 700 pages, and is exhaustive upon the subject.

"The Tramp at Home," by Lee Meriwether, is an interesting book, which is full of facts that are worth knowing and remembering. He was a special agent of the United States department of labor and in his official position made tours through the states, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and even visited the Sandwich Islands in hunt of facts and statistics in regard to our laboring multitudes on sea and land. He made a lengthy report upon the subject to the government. The present volume contains much of the valuable information of the report put into a readable form by being mingled with romance, and anecdotes and personals, well worthy of preservation. A few of the sketches had already appeared in some of the magazines. It is published by the Harpers.

A very neat little volume also comes from the *Harper's* entitled "Fairy Tales," selected from ancient and modern literature. It is edited with notes by William J. Rolfe. In its plan it is similar to "The Tales of Chivalry" and "Tales from English History." The selections are designed for the younger class of readers. The volume is one of a series of "English Classics for School Reading," each complete in itself. The full notes are designed for teachers, and are wonderfully suggestive to them how to make each lesson profitable to their classes.

An entertaining volume is entitled "The Mousetrap and Other Farces," by William D. Howells. This author has both ingenuity and wit, and combined, render these little things admirable. Four are compressed in this volume: "The Garrotters," "Five O'clock Tea," "The Mouse-trap" and "A Likely Story." The best in the lot is "The Mouse-trap," but all of them will furnish good entertainment. Published by the Harpers.

"An Author's Love" is a volume which cannot fail to challenge a large amount of interest. The title page further describes them as "The Unpublished Letters of Prosper Merimee's 'Inconnue.'" There is a preface or a sketch in the beginning of some of the theories regarding the identity of the "Inconnue," and also Laine's sketch of Prosper Merimee, which is a good introduction to the letters, which are full of the beauty and wit that characterized those that were published twenty years ago, and which made such a sensation at that time. The mystery that remains about this lady, the object of so much devotion, and the giver of so much love, adds to the interest of the Letters. This volume is published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York, is received "The History of Ancient Civilization," edited by Rev. J. Verschoyle, and illustrated. The work is founded upon that of M. Ducondray, but cannot be called a translation, because so much of it has been re-written for the sake of greater accuracy and fuller information. The volume is divided into three parts, the first treating of the "Nations of the East," the second of "Greek Civilization," and the third of "The Roman World." The best authorities were consulted for that portion which was re-written, and the whole volume is full of interesting information.

The last of the translations of Balzac's novels, by Miss Katherine Prescott Wormely, which has reached THE BLADE from Roberts Brothers, Boston, is "Bureaucracy," or, "A Civil Service Reformer." To those who regard Balzac with the admiration which his genius deserves, this novel will bring great pleasure. It is in an entirely different view from "Louis Lambert," and yet the same handiwork is visible in both. Balzac never wrote without some primal object other than the story itself, which was, however, so skillfully interwoven with it as not to be unpleasantly patent to the reader. The present volume does not differ in this respect from the others, but we will leave the reader to discover what it is for himself.

In the last number of that most excellent of publications, the "*White Cross Library*," the editor, Mr. Prentice Mulford, talks about "The Use of Sunday," and gives his readers some thoughts of a new kind upon this old subject. He would make it a veritable recuperative power in the fullest sense of the word, not in the way which we have usually looked for it, but in giving to mind and body repose by an entire change of thought and action. It is not necessary to be absolutely inactive in order to rest. He says: "A gentle, reposeful outlay of force will often bring rest to a mind, which, without it, will be restless. Our forces often need some very light physical effort to concentrate themselves upon and thereby prevent them from spreading, wandering and expending themselves in an exhausting beating of the air, as it were." It is good, as all of these essays are. Published by P. J. Needham, 52 West Fourteenth street, New York City.

Literary Notes.

M. Taine's improved health has enabled him to resume his literary labors.

Edgar Fawcett's "An Ambitious Woman" has been translated into the Dutch.

The London *Academy* speaks of Arlo Bates "as something of a transatlantic Thackeray."

A window in memory of W. H. Foster and Matthew Arnold is to be put in St. Mary's church, Ambleside.

"How Our Great Grandmothers Looked" is the title of a timely paper by Marion Harland in the current *Once a week*.

Amelia Barr Edwards will deliver her first lecture in this country at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on November 7.

A Dutch version of "Mr. Barnes of New York" has been put on the boards in Amsterdam.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett is to recieve $7,500 a year for her work in editing the children's department of a syndicate of English and American papers.

The first volume of another "series" has just made its appearance in London. This is "Baron Munchausen's Travels," illustrated with Crowquill's original blocks. The Lotos Series is the name of this new enterprise. Two styles of binding are used.

"The Postal Dictionary" an alphabetical handbook of postal rates, laws and regulations, for all who use the mails, has been compiled from official sources by Edward St. John, publisher of the *Evening Post*, and the handy little volume will be of much convenience.

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, the historian and editor of the *Magazine of American History*, was one of the prominent people on the Erastus Wiman, the official boat in the naval parade of April 29, and was prominently entertained at the Sub-Treasury and elsewhere. Mrs. Lamb is writing a historical sketch of the Washington Centennial celebration as a whole for the July issue of the magazine.

GOOD COOKING.

A High Authority on Some Points of Interest to All Who Must Eat.

BEAUREGARD EGGS.

Boil five eggs for 15 minutes, take off the shells, put first the whites and then the yolks through a vegetable press, or both may be chopped fine. Do not mix them. Put a half pint of milk on to boil. Rub a piece of butter the size of a walnut and a tablespoonful of corn starch together, and stir into the boiled milk, stir until smooth, now add the whites, with salt and pepper, to taste. Have five or six slices of bread nicely toasted, butter them while hot, and then cover with this white sauce. Sprinkle the yolks over the top, dust with salt and pepper, stand the dish in the oven, with door open, for about three minutes, and serve.

MAYONNAISE IN ONE MINUTE!

Put the uncooked yolks of two eggs into a glass, which must be perfectly clean and cold; add a half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne, and, if you like, a half teaspoonful of mustard; now add a half-gill of olive oil. Put the glass under the machine and beat rapidly, just an instant; then add another half-gill and a teaspoonful of vinegar; beat again just an instant. The dressing now should be light in color and texture, thick and jelly like, entirely free from any greasy appearance. Continue adding oil and venegar in the proportions of three teaspoonfuls of vinegar to every half-pint of oil, until you have the desired quantity of dressing. One quart of oil may be added to yolks of two eggs. If the dressing becomes too thick, add a little more vinegar or lemon juice. In warm weather it will take only half the time if you put all the materials and the glass on the ice for half-hour before beginning. As the machine works so rapidly, care must be taken not to overheat it. While it takes 30 to 40 minutes to make a quart of mayonnaise by hand, with the Keystone beater the actual beating should consume not more than about one minute.

LOBSTER FARCI.

Cut boiled lobster into small pieces, and to each pint allow a half pint of milk. Put the milk in a farina boiler. Rub one tablespoonful of butter and one level tablespoonful of flour together, and stir into the boiling milk, add one tablespoonful of dried bread crumbs, stir until smooth, take from the fire, add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, the yolk of three hard-boiled eggs, mashed fine, a quarter of a nutmeg, grated, a tablespoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne, mix, and stir in carefully the lobster. Wash the shells and wipe them dry, and, with a pair of scissors, cut off the under part of the shell. Put the two large ends of the tail shells to the body of one lobster, thus forming a sort of boat, put the mixture into this boat, brush over the top with beaten egg, dust with bread crumbs, and place in a quick oven 15 minutes to brown. Serve in the shell.

EGG SALAD.

Hard boil six eggs, cut them into halves, put each half in a salad leaf, and arrange neatly on a platter or on salad dishes. Chop fine two olives, one gherkin, and a tablespoonful of parsley. Mix five tablespoonfuls of olive oil with two of Tarragon vinegar, add a half teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoon of pepper, mix, and add a teaspoonful of grated onion. Sprinkle over the eggs the chopped gherkin, parsley, and olives, pour over the French dressing, and stand in a cold place about 15 minutes before serving.

SALMON PUDDING.

Take 1 can of salmon, remove the skin, bones, and oil. Mash the fish with a silver fork until it is very fine, then add a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of salt, and a saltspoonful of white pepper. Now stir in 2 tablespoonfuls of thick cream and three well-beaten eggs. Turn into greased molds, stand in a pan partly filled with boiling water, and cook gently for twenty minutes. Serve hot with cream sauce poured around.—*Mrs. Rover, in Table Talk.*

R. A. GUNN, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery of the United States Medical College, Editor of *Medical Tribune*; Author of "Gunn's New Improved Hand-book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," in referring to the use of Warner's Safe Cure in a case of Bright's disease, said over his own signature: "I was greatly surprised to observe a decided improvement within a month. Within four months, no tube casts could be found, and only a trace of albumen; and, as he expressed it, he felt perfectly well. After this demonstration of its power, I prescribed it in full doses in both acute and chronic Bright's disease, with the most satisfactory results."

SOME SUPERSTITIONS.

It is unlucky to enter a house with the left foot forward.

It is unlucky to ride behind a bob-tailed horse at a funeral.

It is unlucky to sneeze before breakfast or when you see the new moon.

It is unlucky to whistle or sing before breakfast. It is also unlucky to tell your dreams before breakfast.

If your right ear burns friends are talking about you. If your left ear burns enemies are scandalizing you.

It is unlucky to own a crowing hen, a white horse, a white cow, a white cat, or to carry a white umbrella.

If the palm of your right hand itches you will receive money or shake hands. If your left hand itches you will pay your debts.

If the outside of your arm itches at the elbow you are going to sleep away from home. If the inside itches you will entertain a stranger.

If you are in search of good luck never let a hunchback pass you without touching the hump, no matter how lightly—the tip of your fingers will do. Then, if your sweetheart has for any reason grown cold or indifferent, he or she, as the case may be, will at once seek your presence and you will be restored to your place in his or her heart.

If you sneeze on Monday you sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on Wednesday, neeze for a letter;
Sneeze on Thursday, something better;
Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on Saturday, see your sweetheart to-morrow;
Sneeze on Sunday, and the devil will have dominion over you all the week.

See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all the day.

Decorations at Balmoral.

A variety of alterations and improvements are to be carried out at Balmoral during the next two months. It has been decided that a number of the jubilee presents are to be sent to Balmoral, and they will be arranged in the drawing-room and library, and in the entrance hall and corridor, which are now pretty well filled with statues and busts of various members of the royal family, including Theed's white marble statue of the Prince Consort, who is represented in Highland dress; and of this work a gigantic replica, in bronze, is a prominent object in the grounds. The sitting rooms at Balmoral are principally decorated and furnished in Stuart tartan, of which the queen is very fond; and the walls are adorned with the heads of stags and other sporting trophies, and hung with engravings and photographs representing Highland scenes, and a few portraits; but there are very few pictures, and none of any merit, as her majesty's large collection (i. e. those which are her own private property) is divided between Osborne and the private apartments at Windsor, except a few pictures which are kept at Buckingham Palace.—*London Truth.*

A Young Barbarian.

Fond Mother—Tommy, darling, this is your birthday. What would you like best to do?

Tommy (after a moment's reflection)—I think I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked.—*Paris Figaro.*

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THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

THE INUTILITY OF TRUTH.

In Which the Reader is Shown How and When Truth Should be Told.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

FOU BEN ADHEM, the Magician, was not in good humor. He was away from his home, and missed sadly the comforts and conveniences of his tent. He was out of his place, and was therefore as unhappy as a faro dealer would be in a prayer meeting, a member of Congress at a reform meeting, or a lobster in hot water. The dweller in Fifth avenue, used to the conveniences of modern civilization, would not be comfortable in the simple tent of the Persian sage; so, likewise, the Persian sage was not comfortable in the gorgeous room of a hotel at Trenton, which he was occupying. When the heat became insupportable, he could not lift the bottom of the cloth and get a free circulation; he had to depend on a raised window.

"They talk of improvement," said Abou to himself, as he hung panting out of the aperture, gasping for breath. "Has the world made progress? Is this hole better than all out of doors?"

It was while he was thus musing in an irritable frame of mind, that a stranger entered, which, of all things in the world, was precisely what Abou did not want.

"What is the matter with you, my Buck?" said Abou, unconsciously dropping into the fervid, oriental style of expression.

"Mighty Abou," said the stranger, "I would confer with you. I would be perfect. I would live close to truth. I would so train my mind that truth should ever be in it—my tongue so that it should ever utter it. This is what I yearn for —truth."

"Young man," replied Abou, impressively, "to remark that you are an ass would be a very mild statement of your condition. But I will waste a little time on you. Listen.

"In the years gone, never to return, I was a young man in Ispahan. I was the son of loving parents, who sent me to the school of Biohard, a perfectionist, to be instructed in morals. Biohard did and taught us a first principle, that truth, absolute and undeviating, should govern all men; and that, under no circumstances, could it be safely departed from. I believed him, and went out into the world to practice his teachings.

"I had a maiden aunt, who had property to which it was expected I would be heir, and my parents had been particular in instructing me to defer to and honor her. Wo is me that I ever saw Biohard, whom may seven thousand fiends torment! I was at her house just after I had received this lesson from that prince of quacks. Everything was propitious for me. She was 71, and had a cough which was tearing her to pieces, and to make light of it by certificate that she could not live long, she had three physicians in attendance upon her. As her will was made, leaving all her estate to me, the song of the bulbul was not more pleasant to my ears than that cough, and the three physicians were more pleasant to my eye than a vision of Paradise.

"On the morning in question, I found her absorbed in the fashion-plates of the *Lady's Magazine* of that period. My son, here is a fact thrown in gratis—no woman ever gets beyond fashion-plates. It is a provision of nature that a fashion-plate delights a feminine mind so long as it is encased in a feminine body. My aunt was reclining on a sofa and arrayed gorgeously. She had on a pink mauve poplin, berage moire antique, cut bias down the back, with heart-shaped bodice, low in the neck, and with short sleeves trimmed with asbestos lace. It was a dress appropriate for a young lady of 15, with flesh on her shoulders.

"Abou," said she, with a death's-head grin, and a paralytic shake of the head, "doth not this dross accord with my style of beauty?"

I was about to reply like a man of the world, when the precept of Biohard, whom may fire consume, came to me.

"I am sure it does not, aunt!" I replied. "You are too fearfully old and ugly for such a gay dress. The beauty of the apparel calls unnecessary attention to your general ghastliness; you are too bony for such dry goods, and the cut thereof adds to your horrible boniness, instead of hiding it. A skeleton, no matter how perfect a skeleton it may be, should never be dressed low in the neck, for shoulder blades when seen to be forcing their way through saffron-colored skin, are very pleonastic in description. Now, aunt, in all candor, I would suggest that instead of dressing yourself so absurdly in lace, you swath your remains in flannels, thus compelling art to furnish what nature has denied, a sufficient covering for your bones. It is absurd for a hideous old virgin like yourself to ape the style of a girl of 15. Go to, vain old Woman —instead of tarring in the vanities, prepare for death, who stands waiting for you."

The old lady did not appreciate my truthfulness. She flew at me like an attenuated tigress, and called me a fool and a beast, and ordered me out of her house. The excitement was so great that she fell into a fit of coughing, which killed her. She lived, however, long enough to alter her will, leaving every dirhem of her estate to the society for the conversion of the French to Mohamedanism. I never saw a cent of it.

This was somewhat discouraging, but I determined to persevere. Biohard had dwelt so strongly on the necessity for absolute truth, that I could not think of going back on it. So I gritted my teeth and waded in.

I had an uncle, a very rich man, who was afflicted with poetry. He was troubled with the idea that he was a poet, and spent the bulk of his time hacking away at it. He had finished a poem of thirty-six cantos, and he invited me to hear it.

"Uncle," said I, "the poem may have merits, but I fail to discover them. It is defective in rythm, utterly and entirely devoid of sentiment, and atrocious in design. A more stupid, senseless performance, I was never bored with. It is hogwash. It is idiocy—it is deliberate idiocy. It was conceived in weakness, and brought forth in inanity. I would, for your sake, that I could call it lunacy, but it lacks the strength and fire of that inevitable intelligent would have given it. I cannot say lunacy in connection with it, for to say lunacy presupposes intellect, of which this performance gives no token. It is drool. It is drivel. For the sake of your family, do not publish it."

I did not expect this criticism to produce the effect it did, for I was entirely honest and just. But it did not strike the old gentleman pleasantly at all. He glared at me a moment fiercely, and raising a chair, felled me to the floor. He kicked me out of the house, protesting the while that a more insulting dog than I was did not dwell in Ispahan.

He did publish the poem, however, and the public of Ispahan sustained my criticism. The wits of Ispahan and Teheran made him their butt for weeks. But when he died, he left me, who should have been his heir, a bound copy of the accursed trash.

I followed up this thing for a year. I told an orator that his peroration was bosh and his entire speech was clap-trap. I told a dervish that his whirling and howling were only half as good as they had been a year before. In the most candid manner I informed an actor who had invited me to witness and criticise his performance, that he was the worst I ever saw—in short, in that year I made an enemy of every man, woman and child in Ispahan, and what grieved me was that in all that time I held closely to the truth, never deviating from it a hair's breadth.

And finally I came to blows with Biohard himself. He asked my candid opinion of a lecture he had delivered, and I told him what I thought, as he had instructed me. I merely remarked that the badness of the thought was only equaled by the badness of the execution, and that both together were exceeded by the badness of the delivery. Instead of thanking me, he flew into a rage.

My son, truth is not the highest wisdom in ordinary hands, but silence is. Only very rich men can afford to spread truth about recklessly. Truth is too precious for every day use. When a rich man says, "I am a plain, blunt man, and am used to speaking the simple truth—I call things by their right name, I do"—set him down as a disagreeable old brute, who goes about making people uncomfortable, because he can do it safely. When a poor man says that same, set him down as a fool. I do not advise lying, but beware of too free use of truth. It needs to be handled judiciously. Were the world perfect—were everybody as free from weakness as, for instance, myself, it would answer, for truth would then be pleasant; but as it is, beware of it.

Silence, my ingenuous friend, is your best hold. Silence will conceal the fact that you are an inferior being, and will offend nobody.

Let silence be your rule—speech the exception. Then shall you prosper and be counted as one of the wise. But leave me now, for I would rest.

And Abou, after the manner of the Eastern sages, mixed him in a tumbler the strong waters of the Giaour, with lemon and sugar, and a very little water, for the water of Trenton is not good, and swallowed it, saying, "Be chesm, but it is good. It warms the midriff and makes one charitable. For an excuse to repeat, I would be willing, almost, to heave out another chunk of wisdom."

And with this oriental ejaculation, he clambered into his bed.

HER LOST FAITH.

A Pathetic Account of the Death o Hume's Mother.

The mother of David Hume was a susceptible woman. Affectionate by nature, she lived in the affections of her family. More than this, she was a religious woman, and it was her aim to rightly educate the consciences of her orphan children. David Hume was a brilliant lad. His success in his intellectual pursuits and studies led his mother to hope that he would become an eminent man. With this vision, like a bow of promise before her, her life had many happy hours.

But one day a shadow crossed the light of this beautiful dream. Her son avowed himself a skeptic. His mother viewed the changed of his opinions with alarm, both on account of his own future happiness and his influence over others. He loved his mother. Her love and admiration for him gave him great influence over her. He determined to overthrow her religious belief, and he succeeded. His subtle, specious reasoning destroyed her faith in God and left her without religious hope.

Hume became a leader among men and crowned himself with fame. He associated with country people, philosophers, wits and men of genius. He was quoted, and mutiplied his influence among men. He went abroad, running over the sunny provinces of France and historic fields of Italy. Returning to London, on his way home to Scotland, he was met by a postman who gave him a letter. The communication was from his mother. It began substantially as follows:

"MY DEAR SON:—My health has failed me. I am in deep decline, and I cannot long survive. My philosophy gives me no comfort. I am left without the consolation of religion, and my mind is sinking into despair. I pray you hasten home to console me."

Hume hurried back to Scotland, and when he arrived at his home he found his mother dead. We do not know what his feelings were. We only know that had he arrived before her death he would have had no consolation to offer. He himself died jesting, and, comments the *Presbyterian*, we have no moral to draw from any regrets which one might reasonably imagine he felt in such a case. But the incidents suggest a situation to better hearts than had David Hume. There are no consolations in unbelief for the hour of sorrow, disaster or death.—*New York Star.*

"BAD WORD" SOCIETIES.

An Interesting Movement in New York to Suppress Profanity Among the Youth.

"Bad word" societies are the latest institutions at several of the New York city schools. They are destined to do a deal of good that is of a nature that generally lies beyond the reach of teachers. There are few playgrounds attached to boys' schools in this country where language is not constantly used which would grieve and astound the mothers of those who utter and of those who hear them.

The rules of the Bad Word Society are usually not written down; but they are something like this: "One cent fine for every bad word spoken; every boy to report his own bad words to the treasurer and pay up; no telling of any other boy's bad word; the money to go to the school library."

This is simple and practical. Perhaps the scheme might be enlarged a little so as to include the grosser forms of bad-grammar, such as "them cabbages is rotten," and "you was." It is highly absurd that the boys who have been going to a grammar school for years should violate the most rudimental laws of grammar every time they speak ten consecutive words.

But the main point is to destroy the habit of polluting the mouth and corrupting the heart by the use of words which they call "bad." Every boy knows what they are, for no one can keep beyond the sound of them. They pollute the air of every street and are heard more or less wherever and whenever there is a company of boys playing together. They partly cause the dread that mother's feel when they see their little sons going for the first time to a boys' school. The mothers watch their boys' departure with a mixture of pride, pleasure and apprehension, and turn away from the window at last with a sigh, because they know that few older boys yet realize what a duty they owe to younger ones in the way of good example.

An Honest Skeptic.

Does Skepticism pay?
The enthusiast has his answer ready—No!
However, we differ, although our devotion to Compound Oxygen comes under the head of enthusiasm.

We differ because an honest skeptic is one who insists on proof in support of assertion.

Can you find fault with that? Hardly, since as a rule, it is your own plan of procedure.

However, we will step in advance of usual method and call attention to proof without assertion. That is, we will say nothing and leave our case in the hands of those we have benefited.

Rev. Geus. W. Cushing, Rochester, adds to former testimonial:

Feb. 14, 1888.

"The treatment you sent my daughter for chronic ulceration of the throat a year ago, was very effectual. It was the first thing which seemed to do her much permanent good."

CHESTER, S. C.

"I believe in the remedy and can therefore recommend it."

REV. H. T. CHEETTERS.

ST. PAUL, Minn., March 20, 1888.

"For giving the system permanent vitality and the elimination of disease I believe Compound Oxygen to be far in advance of all medicine or treatment."

H. H. COOK.

NASHUA, N. H., Feb. 14, 1888.

"I commenced your Compound Oxygen Treatment the last of August, 1887, and was happily surprised at the end of one month to find I was almost enfirely relieved."

MRS. C. K. DAGGET.

WEATHERFORD, TEXAS, April 1, 1888.

"You have my heartfelt gratitude for the good your Compound Oxygen has done me."

MRS. FRANKIE EDWARDS.

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia, all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

RISE OF THE SHADDOCK.

The Fruit Which Looks So Much Like a Monster Orange.

The shaddock, or "grape fruit," as it is sometimes called, is a tropical fruit that people in this country are just coming to know and learning to like. Everybody has seen the big, light yellow globes on the fruit stands in the streets, and about everybody has tasted them. The verdict is usually disapproval. Most people, when they bite into their initial shaddock have their mouths made up for the taste of an orange. The acidulous, piquant flavor of the shaddock is in the nature of a disagreeable surprise, and the fruit is at once set down as not enticing. Shaddock must be eaten rightly, and really to like them is in most cases an acquired taste. Very few of the people who eat shaddocks habitually, and shaddock-eating is a habit with lots of people, but had to learn to like them.

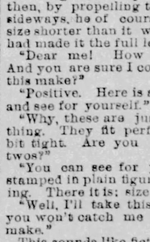
Another cause for the slow growth in popular favor of the shaddock is that it is impossible to tell by the appearance of a shaddock whether it is ripe or not. An unripe shaddock is as disagreeable to the taste as a ripe one is pleasant, and it often happens that an experimenter's first shaddock is a green one, and because it is so sour as to make his jaws seem loosened he condemns all shaddocks because of this one. The color of the shaddock is a pale yellow, almost green in its paleness, and this color deepens but little after the shaddock has attained its full size, which is anywhere from the size of a base ball to that of a small foot ball, though it takes a week or two of sunshine to thoroughly ripen a shaddock after it has attained its full size. Shaddocks grow on a tree that looks much like an orange tree, like it, being an evergreen. They grow very thickly all over the tree, much more thickly than oranges. —*Philadelphia News.*

—Dyspepsia, its nature, causes, prevention and cure. Food to eat. Food to avoid. By John H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass. Free to any address.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the marvellous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that this medicine actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Its real merit has won Merit Wins for Hood's Sarsaparilla a popularity and sale greater than that of any other blood purifier. It cures Scrofula, all Humors, Dyspepsia, etc. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

LOVE WILL PREVAIL.



IF thou art strong with perfect trust
(And that thou art I know),
Though thou dost suffer woe
Within and weariness without,
And knowest pain of fear and doubt,
Thou wilt be blest! Love's way is just;
If thou be strong with perfect trust,
Though grief and tears prevail
With thee, Love will not fail!

If thou art of thy peace denied
(And that thou art I know),
Love often cometh so
By strong throbs of the heart that yearn
For speech; thus by the sighs so learn
To voice thy soul that Love may bide
Within; though of his peace denied
Thou hast the saddest need
Of faith that Love may plead!

If thou art brave to do and dare
(And that thou art I know),
Love's voice will sudden grow
To thine, winged by some fearless thought,
Ere yet thy waiting heart hath caught
Its glow, and life will grow more dear
To thee, if thou be brave and dare
To look upon Love's face
Of peace and wondrous grace.
That bliss ecraptures so!
Thus blest thou'lt be—I know!
—*Home Journal*

SMALL SHOES FOR HER.

A Trick of the Trade That Gratifies Some Women's Foibles.

"I want a pair of French kid button boots. Let me see the very best you have."

"This way, please; here they are; made by Ready, Sale & Co.; the very best in the market. What size did you say?"

"I wear threes, slim."

"Ah! here we are; now, then. Fits you like a glove. If I had taken your measure I couldn't have done better."

"They seem to be all right. By the way, are those the same make of shoes that Mrs. Lightfoot wears?"

"Well, to tell the truth, no! She always wears a make that costs a dollar a pair more."

"But you said these were the very best."

"For wear and quality—so they are."

"Then why should Mrs. Lightfoot pay a dollar extra for her's?"

"Why, she won't have any other shoe but Stem & Co.'s, because she can wear a size smaller of theirs than she can of any others."

"Oh! but you really don't mean to say that I could wear a No. 2 of What's-his-name's make, do you?"

"Certainly you could. You see they have got a designer of patterns who is a perfect genius, and who understands the human foot the same as a master draughtsman does his A B Cs. He explained his system to me one day, and I find he is thoroughly posted. His idea is, in the first place, to abbreviate the longitudinal pressure forward, and then, by propelling the lateral distention sideways, he of course makes the shoe a size shorter than it would have been if he had made it the full length."

"Dear me! How simple that seems! And you are sure I could wear a No. 2 of this make?"

"Positive. Here is a pair. Try them on and see for yourself."

"Why, these are just too nice for anything. They fit perfectly. They ain't a bit tight. Are you sure they are only twos?"

"You can see for yourself. Size mark stamped in plain figures on sole and lining. There it is: size No. 2, width A."

"Well, I'll take this pair, and after this you won't catch me wearing any other make."

This sounds like fiction, but it is a literal fact. The conversation took place just as it is written, with the exception of the names. Although the measurements of the woman's foot called for a No. 3, she was perfectly fitted with a No. 2. The explanation is this: There are manufacturers who, when ordering sets of lasts, instruct the sellers to deliver them unstamped. The stamping is done in the shoe factory, each last being marked a half size or a size smaller than it measures. The uppers are numbered to match the lasts, and the deception is complete. —*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

A BONANZA FOR THEM.

How the Railroads, Street Cars and Ferries Profited by the Celebration.

The celebration has been a bonanza for the railroads, street car companies and ferries of New York.

In the opinion of competent judges, Tuesday was the greatest day for traveling in the history of the city. Over half a million outsiders came on to Manhattan Island, and the number the railroads carried, together with those handled by the ferries and those who crossed the Brooklyn bridge in both directions, was more than 1,000,000, with no serious accident.

In town, the Manhattan Elevated Railroad carried upward of 1,000,000 people, and carried them safely. The bridge travel was estimated at 150,000 each way. The ferries brought in over 300,000, and probably handled nearly 700,000. The railroads handled about two and one-half times the ordinary number of 120,000, which would make 300,000. The grand total for the three roads using the Grand Central station was about 30 000 each way, or 60,000 all told, of which the New Haven road had 25,000—this is two and a half times the regular travel, and about as well as the road ever did. The rush in the evening filled the three passenger rooms like cattle yards, and the policemen's clubs—and lots of them—had to be brought into play. It would have been far worse if there had been no fireworks in the evening. That kept nearly half of the visitors back until late trains.

Similar rates might be told about other depots. The Long Island railroad carried upward of 50,000, exclusive of rapid transit travel, but Superintendent Barton is used to bigger crowds than that. If the Pennsylvania railroad carries 20,000 on an ordinary day, it handled nearly 50,000 Tuesday. It may be noted that the travel of Tuesday was mostly local. Few came from over 75 miles away. Not 5,000 people, during the first two days, applied for rooms and accommodations at the bureau, and, judged by this, it did not pay the hotel men to establish it just for three days. But it is to be a permanent institution.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Makes Delicious Lemonade.
A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

A Proud Moment.

Magistrate—"Were you ever arrested before, Uncle Rastus?" Uncle Rastus—"Yes, sah, I war 'rested, but I war discharged; an' I tell yo' yo'r Honah, dat I war nebbah so proud in my life as when I walked down dat court room a free an' honorable man." Magistrate—"Then you were not proven guilty, Uncle Rastus?" Uncle Rastus—"No, sah, dere was a flaw in de indictment, sah."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Love's Disappointment.

"You don't seem very happy, Gertie, for a girl just engaged."

Gertie—"I'm not happy. I expected to knock Flora Blanchard silly, and her engagement ring is worth at least three of mine."

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

ON THE MISSOURI RIVER.

BY EX SOLDIER, CLARK, DAK.

S YET I have seen nothing in the CAMP FIRE from members of the army of the Upper Missouri. Why don't you slumbering ones in the wonderful and glorious Dakota wake up, and come forward and relate your experiences with the untamed Sioux?

I was a member of the Seventh Ohio Cav., enlisting in 1861, when 16 years of age, and served until June, 1866—all this time on or near the Missouri river, from above Sioux City to the Yellow Stone river, and from Devil's lake to Mouse river.

We first went from Iowa City to Ft. Randall, crossing the Missouri river on the ice, and experiencing much rough weather to begin on. During the summer of 1864 I was with Gen. Sully's expedition to the Yellow Stone country, in which we experienced two general engagements with the Indians. The first encounter occurred at the foot of the Bad Lands, (not the Bad Lands on the map) and the second at where the N. P. railway now crosses the Missouri river. Little did we then think that a railroad would soon reach that far off portion of Uncle Sam's domain—really the wonder of the great west. In the summer of 1865 we were camped back of Fort Berthold. By digging into the sides of the high bluffs, a depth of six feet we procured plenty of good soft coal. There were also traces of ancient volcanoes and subterranean coal fires. While in that vicinity we were pretty badly shaken up by a cloud burst which occurred one night, accompanied by hail. Next morning the boys found themselves 55 saddles short, which had been swept away by the flood. Our company was the rear guard, and camped across a ravine, a picturesque spot; but we never selected that kind of a camping ground thereafter. The saddles were carried down to the bottom of holes and gullies filled with water, and from six to ten feet deep. Those who could dive were called into requisition to secure the saddles, which was not a very pleasant duty, for the water was icy cold. Just above Fort Sully, I think, occurred the attack in which our topographical engineer was shot, and three Indians lost their beads. The engineer, accompanied by two companions, regardless of our general's warning, rode on ahead of the command. Becoming thirsty, the engineer rode down into the creek to get a drink. Just as he reined up he was shot by one of three Indians that were laying in ambush, about 50 feet distant. The Indians were soon after captured by the Sioux Company (independent company) and dispatched. On reporting to the general, he sent them back after the heads of the Indians, that he might be sure of the fact. The following morning the heads were put on poles, and stuck up near where the engineer had been shot, which struck terror to the Indians' hearts, and they were careful not to molest us again.

WHO WAS HE?

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—At a recent camp fire held by our post, a paper on the Battle of Franklin, Tenn., was read by one of the comrades. The mention of this battle always brings to my mind a scene, sad but familiar, perhaps, to many. In this case an Ohio mother, if living, is deeply interested, and should these lines come to her notice she may be glad to know that a living eyewitness can bear testimony as to the last hours in this life of her noble boy.

I was, at the time, an inmate of Hospital No. 44, Nashville, having been severely wounded in the preceding month, in June, 1864. The smoke of this sharp and decisive battle of Franklin had scarcely cleared away when our wounded began to arrive by the score. Among the many brave boys who had faced death on that and other battlefields, in defense of their country's flag, was a youth not more than 17 or 18 years of age, belonging to an Ohio regiment, who had had one of his arms (I think his left) torn from his shoulder by a shell. He was placed on a cot beside mine. I learned something of his history, a portion of which is indelibly fixed in my memory. He was a noble youth—the only son of a widowed mother, who was in circumstances which had enabled her to give him such culture and educational advantages as only wealth and a loving parent can bestow. He had run away from home and enlisted, against the wishes of his mother. He had worn the blue but a few months. This was his first battle. His experience was almost mine. I only wish I could recall his name, as easily as I can his burning words of love for his mother. He said:

"I do not regret giving my life for my country; but my death will kill my mother. Oh, if I could but live for mother's sake. I am her only child—her pride and hope. Her life is so wrapped up in mine that the news of my death will be more than she can bear. What will my mother say when she hears of this?"

He continued to give utterance to such loving words and solicitude for his mother until the icy touch of death stilled his loyal heart. Perhaps she, too, through his death, became a victim of the great conspiracy to destroy the union, and lies sleeping beside her gallant hero-boy.—J. BRIDEGROOM, Co. E, 86th Ills. Vol., Norton, Kas.

SPIDER IN THE PUDDING.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—We had temporarily encamped at Big Springs, near

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Our Territorial Increase.

E. B., Metomen, Wis.: The area of the United States was 827,844 square miles in 1789. The great province of Louisiana was acquired by purchase in 1803 for $15,000,000, and added to the country more territory than the original states could boast of, namely, 1,117,930 square miles. By this purchase an empire in extent was attained. From it were created the states of Louisiana, Alabama and Mississippi south of parallel 31 degrees; Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, Oregon, Minnesota west of the Mississippi; Kansas (except southwest part, south of the Arkansas), Colorado and the territories of Dakota, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming east of the Rocky Mountains, and the Indian territory.

The cession of Florida by Spain to the United States in 1819 added 59,628 more square miles to our domain. This cession was in recompense for certain claims of American citizens upon the Spanish government. The annexation of Texas in 1845 gave us 376,133 more. By the treaty of Guadalcupe Hidalgo, at the end of the Mexican war, we obtained 545,783 square miles, for which we paid $15,000,000 and assumed debts due from Mexico to certain American citizens amounting to $3,500,000 more—making a total of $18,500,000. The Gadsden purchase of 1853, costing $10,000,000, still further augmented our territory by 45,535 square miles—making a total of 3,026,854 square miles, all in one compact, solid mass, as compared with 827,844 miles with which the Union was begun.

Then in 1867 Mr. Seward completed our purchases by acquiring the vast territory of Alaska, containing 577,390 square miles, for $7,200,000. The increase of territory in the hundred years was about four-fold; but the growth of population was much greater, being about 16 times more than it was 100 years ago. The last census in 1790 showed a population of 3,929,214; the census next year will show fully 65,000,000.

Bartholdi's Statue of "Liberty."

C. S., Tazewell C. H., Va.: 1.—The great Statue of Liberty in New York harbor, presented by the people of France to the American people, weighs 450,000 pounds, or 225 tons. The bronze alone weighs 200,000 pounds. Forty persons can stand comfortably in the head, and the torch will hold twelve people. Total number of steps in the winding stairway, leading from the base of the foundation to the top of the torch, 403; steps from the ground to the top of the pedestal, 155. Number of steps in the statue, from pedestal to head, 154. The ladder leading up through the extended right arm to the torch has 54 rounds. The electric light in the inside of the torch lamp aggregates 50,000, and at the base of the statue 30,000 candle power—80,000 in all. Entire cost of the work estimated at $700,000. The dimensions of the huge statue, with its pedestal and foundation, are as follows:

	FEET.	IN.
Height from base to torch	151	1
Foundation of pedestal to torch	305	6
Heel to top of head	111	6
Length of hand	16	5
Index finger	8	0
Head from chin to cranium	17	3
Right arm, length	42	0
Right arm, greatest thickness	12	0
Thickness of waist	35	0
Height of pedestal	89	0
Height of foundation	65	0
Square sides at base, each	62	0
Square sides at top, each	40	0
Greatest columns of base	72	8
Square sides at bottom	91	0
Square sides at top	66	7

2.—We do not recall any famous statues to the memory of women in this country, save one in New Orleans. No answers by mail to questions, under any circumstances.

American Soldiers in Different Wars.

Old Subscriber, McLeansboro, Ill.:—1. The following table shows the population of each of the thirteen original states at the time when the first census was taken, in 1790, the number of troops furnished in the War of Independence, and the number of soldiers to every thousand of population:

States.	Pop. in 1790.	Number of Troops.	No. to 1,000 Inhab.
Connecticut	237,946	31,939	134
Delaware	59,094	2,386	40
Georgia	82,548	2,679	32
Maryland	319,728	13,912	43
Massachusetts	378,789	67,907	179
New York	340,120	17,781	52
New Hampshire	141,885	12,497	88
New Jersey	184,139	10,726	58
North Carolina	393,751	7,263	18
Pennsylvania	434,373	25,678	59
Rhode Island	68,825	5,908	85
South Carolina	249,073	6,417	23
Virginia	691,737	26,678	38

The total number of troops, according to the above table, was 231,998. In the war of 1812 the whole militia force raised was 471,622 men. During the Mexican war the total number of regulars and volunteers enlisted was 101,285. During the late war the total number of volunteers in the Union army is given by Phisterer at 2,859,132. 2.—The total membership of the Grand Army of the Republic in July 1, 1888, was 387,127. We have no statistics relating to the Sons of Veterans.

The Dred Scott Decision.

Reader, Ottumwa, Iowa: The famous Dred Scott case and decision were as follows: A slave named Dred Scott was carried by his master, Mr. Sanford, from Missouri into Illinois and Wisconsin, and then back to Missouri. Scott brought an action in the Circuit court of the United States to assert his title to freedom, claiming that having been resident in free states he became free. The case went to that tribunal was carried by writ of error to the Supreme court. It was there decided by a majority of the court in 1857 that if Scott were assumed to be free he was not a citizen of the state so as to bring the action, and further that he was still a slave. Accordingly, the case was dismissed for want of jurisdiction on the part of the Circuit court. The chief justice (Taney), when delivering the opinion of the court, made an historical review of the public opinion of the civilized world at the time of the formation of the American constitution concerning the African race. Among other statements he remarked: "They (the Africans) had for more than a century before been regarded as beings of an inferior order and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or political relations, and so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect." After this decision "personal liberty" bills were passed in several of the free states for the purpose of defeating the action of the fugitive slave law.

Isinglass—Volcanoes.

M. L. J., Industry, Pa.: 1.—Isinglass is a fine quality of gelatine, obtained from the air-bladders of several species of fish, notably the sturgeon. It is used in making soups, jellies, etc. Ignorant people sometimes call the sheets of mica, used in stove doors, etc., "isinglass." Mica is a transparent stone, possessing the property of splitting into very thin sheets. 2.—Volcanoes are of two kinds—the first embracing those that originally broke forth on comparatively level ground, and have built up a mountain of the material they have ejected; the second, those which broke forth in a mountain. The latter always are much higher than the original mountain, from the lava, etc., thrown out building up a cone around the crater. Mountain chains make lines of fracture in the cooling crust of the earth. The interior gradually becoming cooler, and therefore contracting, no longer supported the hardened crust of rock, which sunk down of its own weight, making lines of fracture. The interior fires would naturally break forth along such lines, as the crack must have extended originally to the melted interior. Volcanoes are the vents along such lines.

Canadian Lumber.

G. W. H., Latham, Kan.: The statement is not strictly true, from the following facts: Canada has an export duty on pine logs of $3 a thousand feet. It was levied for the purpose of preventing American lumbermen from importing Canadian logs and sawing the same into boards on this side of the line, and it was supposed that the effect would be to compel American lumbermen to erect mills in Canada and saw the logs into boards there, making a market for Canadian labor and mill and camp supplies. The value of standing pine in Michigan and Wisconsin is $3 to $5, or more, a thousand feet, while the price in Canada is $1.50 or $2 a thousand feet. The American duty on sawed lumber is $2 a thousand feet. There is no duty on logs imported into this country. The abolition of the duty on sawed lumber by this government would simply result in Canada's putting an export duty on lumber as well as on logs, and the result as to American forests would be the same, while lumber would not be cheapened to the consumer.

The Passenger Pigeon.

R. M. H., Belva, W. Va.: 1. Jeff. Davis does not draw a pension for his services in the Mexican war. He is legally entitled to apply for one, and to have it granted, however, but of course will not do so. 2. The theory generally entertained as to why the magnetic needle points north is that there are electric currents passing around the earth—through it—in an east and west direction. A magnetized needle, placed near a wire through which a heavy electric current is passing, always ranges itself at right angles to the current. 3. The ordinary wild, or passenger pigeon, migrates from place to place to find the mast which constitutes its principal food. They build their nests in forests where the trees are high, in localities where food is abundant and water not far off. Wilson, the ornithologist, describes one of their breeding places in Kentucky, which extended some 40 miles through the woods and several miles wide, every tree bearing nests wherever they could be placed. The young were hatched about April 10, and the flocks left, with their young about May 25. He estimated the number of pigeons he saw there at over 2,000,000,000.

Transplanting Teeth.

"A Lady," ——, asks: "Can dentists put in teeth which will take root and grow? If so, why do not all elderly people have them inserted?"

You do not clearly understand the requirements. Teeth can be transplanted, and will take root and grow. That is, a partly decayed tooth can be extracted from the jaw of A, and a perfectly sound tooth be taken from B's jaw and set in the cavity in A's jaw *at once*, which tooth "will take root" and be as good as if it grew there originally. But where a tooth is extracted and the wound heals, this is impossible, for the bony "alveolar process," in which the tooth grew, is absorbed. You know possibly that where this is the case the jaw-bone is narrower, because of this absorption. It is impossible to make a tooth grow in such a place. Second, the transplanted tooth must be taken from a living person's jaw; hence it would be difficult to obtain a supply of teeth for transplanting, for nobody would part with their teeth for this purpose.

International Sunday School Lessons.

J. P. C., ——, O., asks for the history of the International Sunday school lessons, in what year the plan was first adopted, and who or what authority assigns them.

Some time between the years 1865 and 1870 the Rev. J. H. Vincent of the M. E. church (now Bishop Vincent) brought before a Sunday school institute the question, "is it practical to introduce a uniform system of lessons into all our schools?" For several years the question was largely discussed in conventions, etc., and finally at the National Sunday School convention, at Indianapolis, in 1872, was answered by a large vote in the affirmative. When the plan was agreed upon by representatives of the leading denominations in America, it was, through friendly correspondence, endorsed by the London Sunday School Union, and has since been in almost universal use on both sides of the Atlantic. The lessons are arranged by an international committee.

The Rebel Armies.

G. A. R., Creston, Iowa: The aggregate enrollment of the rebel armies during the entire war numbered over 600,000 effective men, of whom not over 300,000 were enrolled at any one time. The eleven states of the Southern confederation also contributed 86,000 men to the Union armies, and received in return over 10,000 men from the border. It is difficult to approximate the losses on the Southern side, but from official returns and estimates the aggregate may be placed at about 94,000 killed in battle or mortally wounded. The very lowest estimate places the number at 74,524, besides 59,297 who were cut off by disease. There were twice as many fatalities in the Southern troops as in the Northern, in comparison to the number ogrolled, which is accounted for by the fact that there were few reserves in the South, and that regiments were not relieved until their losses were terrible.

Meteoric Bodies.

Student, South Bend, Ind.: The astronomers believe that meteors are the remains of disintegrated comets, torn asunder by the tremendous forces to which they are exposed. Their light is caused by the friction occasioned by their swift passage through our atmosphere at planetary velocities. The aerial envelope which surrounds us is a sure armor of defense against these meteors, many thousand of which enter our atmosphere every day, and are consumed and reduced to dust before they reach the ground. Thus the earth is slowly growing in size, but its increase is so slight, that it would take many years to add even a foot to its diameter. Meteors which appear to be quite large, are often no larger than an egg; and indeed most of them are as small as a grain of corn or a mustard seed. Sometimes, however, a meteor succeeds in reaching the earth's surface, and if found, and of suitable size, generally finds its way to some college cabinet.

"Fandora's Box."

Schoolgirl, Sandusky, O.: The myth of Pandora is as follows: Pandora was the first woman on earth, according to the Greeks. The name means "all gifted." Aphrodite (Venus) gave her beauty, Hermes (Mercury) gave her boldness and cunning, and each of the gods gave her some gift by which she should bring misery to man. Her husband had a jar in his house, which Pandora opened; from it escaped all the miseries and ills of mankind. Pandora closed it again just in time to prevent Hope from escaping also. According to later writers, Pandora brought down with her from heaven a box, given her by the gods, with instructions not to open it by curiosity overcame her, and she opened it with the result above described. Later writers say that the box contained blessings for mankind, and that all of them escaped except Hope.

Supervisors of Census.

J., Perryville, Ark., writes: "Please inform me, through the columns of the BLADE, your opinion of the law, as to whom it confers the power of appointing the supervisors of the census for 1890, and unto whom an application should be addressed, the President, secretary of the Interior, or to the commissioner of the Census; and the postoffice address of the Hon. Robert P. Porter, superintendent of the Census."

Your question is answered fully in the article "The Census of 1890," on the 5th page of the Weekly BLADE of May 9. The secretary of the Interior is the person to whom to apply. All letters to the superintendent of the Census should be addressed, "Hon. Robert P. Porter, Superintendent of Census, Interior Department, Washington, D. C."

School Money in Texas.

T. S., Sale Creek, Tenn., writes: "In THE BLADE of April 4 there appeared the following: 'There are several counties in Texas which, without special taxation, will receive next year from $25 to $40 of school money for each pupil.' Please name those counties. What are their capitals or county seats?

We do not know any more than was embodied in the item quoted from our columns. Probably a letter addressed to Hon. J. M. Moore, Secretary of State, Austin, Texas, would secure you the desired information—if you enclosed postage.

"24 O'clock" Clocks.

Subscriber, Wausau, Wis.: We do not know where clocks with dials running from 1 to 24 o'clock can be had. The editorial rooms of THE BLADE have a clock which was changed to the 24-hour schedule by cutting the necessary numbers out of an ordinary office calendar and pasting them on the face in a circle immediately inside the twelve hour numerals; 13 is placed under I, 14 under II, and so on—18 coming under VI, 21 under IX, and 24 under XII. The outer circle is used up to noon, the inner circle from noon until midnight—1 p. m. being 13 o'clock, 2 p. m. being 14 o'clock, and so on until midnight, which is 24 o'clock. This system is used in part by some railways the Northern Pacific or the Canadian Pacific being one, we think.

Miscellaneous.

E. W., Rumble, Ind.: Sorry, but we cannot reproduce Washington's first inaugural address.

E. W. H., Monong, Wis.: We are not informed on the point you raise. Better write a letter of inquiry to "Commissioner General Land Office, Washington, D. C."

C. M. P., Washington, D. C.:—There are some 5,000 railway mail employes in the classified civil service, and, we think, about 6,000 in the departments at Washington.

J. A. H., Bladon, Neb.: New York has 36 electoral votes at present. The number will likely be changed by the approportionment under the census to be taken next year.

J. M. B., York, Neb.: We have not the information you ask for. Address a letter of inquiry to the Register of the U. S. Land Office, at either Helena, Bozeman, or Miles City, Montana.

——, Auburndale, O.: If a soldier's widow or minor child claims a homestead under the law on the ground of the husband or father's military service, she (or the child) must reside upon it.

J. F. R., Carleton, Neb., writes, to give the reason W. F. Cody is called "Buffalo Bill": "He was engaged to kill buffaloes for the Kansas Pacific railroad, for which he killed 4,280 in eighteen months."

A. O., Hamilton, Mo.: Washington married a widow, Mrs. Martha Custis. We think her maiden name was Martha Dandridge.

Republican, Grand Valley, Pa.: We have not the statistics you ask for. Your first question can only be answered by the War department at Washington, and the second by the Interior department.

J. C. K., Kossuth, Iowa: We know no more about the alleged gold fields in Lower California than has been published in THE BLADE. Our impression is that it will not pay any one to go there to search for gold.

F. F. C., Onaga, Kan.: If you want to ascertain the cost of the biennial report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, address the secretary of said board, Topeka, Kan.

D. M., Humansville, Mo.: Write a letter of inquiry, inclosing postage, to "Commandant, National Military Home, Dayton, Ohio," or "Milwaukee, Wis." The drawing of a pension does not debar you from the privilege of the Home.

A. H. V., Little Rock, Ark.:—The story about Mrs. Harrison discharging negro help at the White House is greatly exaggerated. Only two negroes were discharged—the colored cook and one servant—to make room for help brought on from Indianapolis by Mrs. Harrison.

Old Subscriber, Parsons, Kan.: Robert T. Lincoln was secretary of War under Garfield and Arthur, and has just been appointed minister to Great Britain. Chauncey M. Depew has never held a government position, and has not been appointed to any by President Harrison.

R. C. C., Well Spring, Tenn.: In all large cities there are men who make models for inventors. We think the so-called "French harps" are made in Switzerland, Germany and elsewhere in Europe. We can not give addresses of manufacturing firms in this column. See Rule 3.

B. W., Normal, Ill., writes to ask "what employment a young man can find in Tennessee." Probably in just the same lines of occupation that he finds in Illinois. The only way to find employment there is to go to Tennessee and look for it in whatever occupations he prefers. The chances are no better, we think, than in any other state.

R. B. B., Akron: 1.—Gasoline stoves are safe, if used with a reasonable degree of care. 2.—Combustion, or burning, is a chemical process—the union of the oxygen of the air with the carbon and hydrogen of the burning body, whether it be wood, coal, oil or gas. 3.—We can not recommend any article in this column. See Rule 2 above.

L. F., ——, O.: Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, the Confederate general, was born in Tennessee in 1821, of obscure parentage, and rose in life by his own exertions, having no advantages of education. His massacre of negro troops at Fort Pillow brought him into notoriety. He died in 1877. His name is spelled "Forrest"—not "Forest."

S. A. K., Salina, Kan.: Better write, inclosing stamp, to the postmaster at Ravanna, Garfield Co., Kansas, asking him to tell you what he knows of the alleged town of "Pandena," in that county, or to give you the name of some one who can tell you. We know nothing of it, and have no means of finding out except by writing; and it will save time for you to write yourself.

Ted, Edwardsville, Ill.: 1.—The "indention" of lines of poetry when printed is simply to make the page more pleasing to the eye. 2.—Oklahoma is in the center of the Indian Territory. On the north is the Cherokee "strip;" on the east the Kickapoo and Creek reservations; the South Canadian river is the southern boundary, and the Arapahoe reservation on the west.

R. S., Dry Valley X Roads, Pa.:—It is impossible to tell what caused the "glacial epoch," or great ice age. In point of fact, the glacial theory of the formation of the drift, is a mere theory, accepted by some, rejected by others. The difficulty of accepting it is because there is no known cause that will account for the great fall in temperature over the Northern hemisphere in order to bring it about.

Curious, Zanesville, O.: The military custom of saluting by bringing the hand into a horizontal position over the eyebrows, is supposed to date back to the tournaments of the middle ages, when, after the Queen of Beauty was enthroned, the knights who were to take part in the sports of the day marched past the dais on which she sat, and as they passed shielded their eyes from the rays of her beauty.

Veteran, Caldwell, Kan.: The extinction of slavery proceeded by the following steps: Slaves in the District of Columbia were freed by act of Congress March 13, 1862; in accordance with the act of July 15, 1862, President Lincoln on January 1, 1863, proclaimed the freedom of certain states free; the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution, adopted by Congress January 31, 1865, and ratified December 18, 1865, abolished slavery in the United States.

T. L., East Liverpool, O.: 1.—To find information concerning the courses of high schools, address a letter of inquiry, inclosing stamp, to the Superintendent of Schools, Pittsburg, Pa. 2.—We do not recall the "Oxford league." Tell us where you find it mentioned, and in what connection, and we will look it up. 3.—The poem "Darius Green and His Flying Machine," was written by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and may be found in his published works.

R. F., Danville, Ill.: Aside from the clerks in the Pension office in Washington, there are, at different points throughout the United States, eighteen pension agents, and the boards of pension examiners, composed of physicians in good standing. The special traveling agents or examiners are selected for their attainments and general fitness for the special duty on which they are sent, from the force in the Pension office at Washington. The lowest positions in the Pension office, above laborer or messenger, are copying clerks, at $900 per year; clerks, $1,200 to $1,800 per year.

A. R. E., Fremont, N. C.: 1.—Gen. W. H. Harrison was called "Old Tippecanoe" on account of the victory he gained over the Indians on the banks of the Tippecanoe river, a small stream in Indiana, on Nov. 5, 1811. 2.—When THE BLADE spoke of the "unfilial" conduct of Gen. Sigel's son, it referred to young Sigel, who was a clerk under his father (who was Pension agent at New York), and embezzled money, for which he was sentenced to the penitentiary a few weeks ago. Why don't you read the "News of the Week," on the 7th and 8th pages? The matter was fully treated of these when it occurred. ——, Fr. R., asks "Who was born Sept. 20, 1833; died, Feb. 15, 1888.

R. A. GUNN, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery, of the United States Medical College, said: "I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure." The late Dr. Dio Lewis, writing for the proprietor of Warner's Safe Cure, said, over his own signature: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use Warner's safe Cure."

GRAINS OF GOLD.

It is not what we intend, but what we do, that makes us useful.

Happiness is a roadside flower growing on the highways of usefulness.

It is a good thing to be able to let go the less for the sake of the greater.

The greatest loss of time that I know of is to count the hours.—*Rabelais.*

Men say of women what they please; women do with men what pleases them.

Carry the radiance of your soul in your face; let the world have the benefit of it.—*Fox.*

The moral cement of society is virtue. It unites and preserves, while vice separates and destroys.

As oysters are swallowed when they are opened, so is the frank man taken in when he tells his plans to rogues.

One of the greatest causes of trouble in this world is the habit people have of talking faster than they think.

How to preserve the just balance of thrift and enterprise is a problem for each one of us to solve.—*Gladstone.*

New religions are to be judged not so much by the men that make them as by the men they make.—*Joseph Cook.*

Too Big a Thing in the Wrong Place.

The history of the big Rockaway hotel is certainly unique. Here is a great structure, which is said to have cost nearly $1,000,000, planted on the seashore within a moderate distance of New York, and yet the attempt to make it a summer resort has failed so completely that the building has been sold for $27,000 to dealers in building materials, who must by the provisions of the sale, begin to tear it down within ten days. It would seem to show that some things can be made too big even for this country—especially in the wrong place. It is very easy to make the mistake that means failure. A little sense in placing the big hotel might have made the project fairly successful.—*Tribune.*

"None Better"

THAN **Ayer's Pills** to cleanse the stomach and bowels, stimulate the appetite, and help the assimilative process to make good blood. In this way, they prove beneficial in rheumatism, neuralgia, and other disturbances of the nervous system.

"I have derived great relief from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with rheumatism that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills."—Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for a number of years, and have never found anything equal to them for giving me an appetite and imparting energy and strength to the system. I always keep them in the house."—R. D. Jackson, Wilmington, Del.

"We have used Ayer's Pills many years, and think them a very excellent family aperient."—A. B. Foster, Children's Home, Westville, Conn.

"I was troubled with sick headache for ten years, but was finally cured by using Ayer's Pills."—P. J. Haag, Scott, Wisconsin.

"I was afflicted for years with rheumatism. The best of medical skill failed to give me relief. I finally began to take

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

thartic Pills and am now well."—B. S. Osborn, South Norwalk, Conn.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

"Most Reliable"

Are **Ayer's Pills** for Gout, Sick Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Heartburn, Liver-Complaint, Jaundice, and various other diseases of the liver, stomach, and bowels.

Samuel C. Bradburn, Worthington, Mass., writes:

"For sick headache, caused by a disordered condition of the stomach, Ayer's Pills are the most reliable remedy. They were first recommended to me by my mother, thirty years ago, and are the mildest and best purgative in the world."

"I cannot find any remedy for constipation to take the place of Ayer's Pills, and should not consider my medicine chest complete without them."—Capt. J. H. Blake, Steamer *Raphael*, New York City.

"I am never without Ayer's Cathartic Pills in my house. There are none better for the relief and cure of stomach and liver disorders."—Philander W. Melick, Elizabeth City, N. C.

Roland L. Larkin, Harlem, N. Y., certifies: "For a long time I was a victim to indigestion, nausea, dizziness, and heartburn. I took Ayer's Cathartic Pills only one month, and was completely cured."

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

A LOVING, GENTLE HEART.

The eye may lose its lustre
and the ruddy cheek
grow pale.
The limbs forget their
lightness and the
strength of body fail;
The locks may turn
to gray,
The power of thought
decay;
And age will make its
furrows and strength
and youth depart,
But ne'er will be forgotten a gentle, loving
heart,

The beauteous water-lily, the fragrant mountain flower,
Seem bourjant in the sunshine, but dread the wintry hour;
For at the storm-king's breath
They shrink away in death.
Thus outward charms decline at Time's destructive dart;
Still grant me the endowment of a sympathizing heart.

Though wealth may prove a blessing, how oft a gilded snare,
Corrupting and corroding the mind with anxious care;
Whate'er my talent be,
Let me be generous, free;
And if perchance reproached, let me not heed the smart,
But show in all my intercourse a kind, forgiving heart,—

A heart to share the sorrows, a heart to wipe the tear,
A smile to smooth the downcast and calm the rising fear;
An earnest prayer for those
We meet with a thousand woes.
With tender words and deeds, so may I thus impart
The sincere benedictions of a loving, gentle heart.

—*Rev. Charles Collins, D. D., in Christian Advocate.*

BRIGHT LITTLE ONES.

SAYINGS OF BUDDING HUMORISTS.

A Distinction—Completed Temptation—Thoroughly Impressed—A Substitute—Funny Children.

A Distinction.

A Rondout two-and-a-half-year-old boy, whenever he sees a steamboat or propeller passing up or down the Rondout Creek, tells his mamma: "There goes a choo, choo." One day recently his mother saw a schooner, with sails set, going up the creek. She called the little toddler to the window and said: "There goes a choo, choo, dear." The infant looked at the passing vessel a moment, and then said: "Mamma, no choo, choo; it kite boat."—*Kingston Freeman.*

Completed Temptation.

"Did everything go off pleasantly at school to-day, John?"

"Yes, mother; but some bad boys persuaded me to play truant."

"You mean they tried to persuade you, John; if they had persuaded you, you would have gone of with them."

"That's what I did."—*Boston Times.*

Thoroughly Impressed.

A bright little six-year-old committed some trifling misdemeanor the other day, and was taken to task by her mother rather more seriously than the child thought the offense warranted. After listening some time in silence to repeated admonitions the little one interrupted her mother with: "Why, what makes you keep talking to me so?" "Because, replied the mother, "I want to impress it upon your mind, so you won't do it again." "Well," was the response, with the faintest little quaver of grief in her voice. "I'm 'pressed clear through, now." What could the mother do but conclude that the lesson had been sufficiently "pressed" for the time being, and send the sweet little culprit about her play?—*Manchester (N. H.) Union.*

A Substitute.

A lady who is opposed to corporal punishment visited a school at the North End where the rod was being applied. Before going away she said a few words to the offender, and asked him to come and see her on a certain evening, promising that her daughter should sing and play to him. He said he would come, and at the appointed time a boy dressed in his best was ushered into her parlor, and for an hour or more his kind entertainers devoted themselves to his enjoyment. Afterwards the older lady took him one side and began to speak of the importance of good behavior and obedience to rules, when she was interrupted with: "Oh, I ain't that feller! He gin me ten cents to cum instid er him?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Katie's Wise Advise.

Mrs. X. is one of those by no means rare mortals whose discipline is much dependent upon her mood, while her mood in turn is much influenced by her bodily comfort. It follows that the small daughter Katie is treated with more or less sternness, according to circumstances, a fact which she is quite shrewd enough to appreciate. One day recently Mrs. X was reproving Katie in rather fretful tones, when the child looked up from her seat on the floor to observe with the preternatural gravity of three years:

"Oh, take a more comfer'ble chair, mamma."—*Boston Courier.*

Emily Speaks Her Mind.

Little Emily, 5 years old, is a great favorite in spite of her incorrigible freedom of expression. The other day she had been on a visit with her mother at a friend's, and had remained to dinner. At the table she had amused the family, with the possible exception of its elderly and serious head, by occasional remarks. As the meal was drawing to an end the hostess observed:

"Emily, wouldn't you like to stay here all the time and be our little girl?"

Emily looked up, pointed her finger at the head of the family, and exclaimed, contemptuously:

"What! and have him for a father?"—*Boston Transcript.*

An Emphatic Reminder.

He was going away with his mother, and his father was saying "Good bye" at the station. He was looking appropriately blue and his male friends were rallying him.

"That's all right. You'll see some pretty woman to-morrow and begin to flirt with her and you won't miss your wife very much."

The small boy was emphatic.

"Say," he said to the speaker, "if you see my father gettin' stuck on anybody while mamma's away you go right in and cut him out."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

High Praise.

A little girl of three or four years had gone from her home and spent a large part of the day with a childless wife. Getting weary, she was kindly and snugly tucked away on the lounge for a nap. Afterwards, while quietly engaged in her household duties, her nap over, the little one awoke, and sitting up, surprised the lady by saying, with earnest enthusiasm, "You seem just like a mamma."—*Boston Traveller.*

Youthful Impatience.

Little Mabel, three years old, showed a strong desire to know her alphabet, and her big sister kindly began to teach her. After a few moments of instruction Mabel flew into a terrible passion of displeasure.

"Ah!" said her big sister, "so you don't want to learn your letters after all?"

"No," said Mabel very positively, "me don't want to learn 'em—me want to know 'em!"—*Youth's Companion.*

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

IT MADE MOTHER STRONG

"My mother has been using PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND for nervous prostration, accompanied by melancholia, etc., and it has done her a world of good. It is the only medicine that strengthens the nerves."
G. H. BEERS,
Orbisonia, Pa.

Paine's Celery Compound is of unequaled value to women. It strengthens the nerves, regulates the kidneys, and has wonderful power in curing the painful diseases with which women so often silently suffer.

$1 per bottle. Six for $5. At Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

"I am in my 64th year. Have been afflicted in several ways—could not sleep, had no appetite, no courage, low spirits. I commenced using Paine's Celery Compound, and felt relief from the third day after using it. I now have a good appetite and can sleep well. My spirits and courage are almost like those of a young man."
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LITERARY PATCHWORK.

It is said that there is absolutely nothing new under the sun, and very many people will remember that old lecture of Wendell Phillips, in which he showed how many of the things which we imagined were the discovery of later years were really known thousands of years ago. It is as true in literature as in other things. The impossibility of creating anything perfectly new is absolute. The same thoughts, the same fancies have held human beings since the creation; what novelty there is lies in the combinations and mode of expressing them. It is very easy to talk about plagiarism and there seems just now a sort of mania for charging literary piracy upon all writers. More especially novelists are suffering. No sooner has a book made a sensation than somebody goes to work hunting up proofs that it is not original. Everybody read Rider Haggard's "She" with absorbed interest. It was a wonderful creation, they said, and then the cry was raised of plagiarism, and it has been kept up ever since. Amelia Rives is resting under the same charge, in regard to "The Witness of the Sun," and it is not hard to trace a resemblance in her principal characters to some of those other novelists have delineated. This may be true, while it is possible that she has never seen those stories. We do not regard Longfellow's "Hiawatha" with any less admiration because it proves to have been taken in part from the "Kalavala." Most of Shakespeare's plays have plots that were centuries old, and so one might go on almost *ad infinitum*. These researchers after plagiarism might find better employment.

It is a pleasure to note that some of the best authors are rousing up to the consciousness of the degradation of the literary art by the growing attempt to win notoriety, and thus money, from stories that have a thinly veiled immorality for their *motif*. This has been attaining such proportions lately as to demand public arraignment.

Recently there was a symposium of letters upon this subject in the New York *Herald*. Represented among them were John G. Whittier, John Boyle O'Reilly, Edgar Fawcett, Julian Hawthorne, Charles Dudley Warner, and others. Mr. O'Reilly goes straight to the heart of the subject when he says:

Romantic literature belongs to the domain of art, on the same level as sculpture, painting, and the drama. In none of these other expressions is the abnormal, the corrupt, the unwholesome employed. The line of treatment on these subjects is definitely drawn and generally acknowledged. The unnecessarily foul is unpardonable.

Why should not the same limit be observed in romantic literature? All art deals with nature and truth, but not with all nature and all truth. A festering sore is part of nature; it directly affects the thought and action of the sufferer, and it is as unsightly, as deplorable and as potent as a festering vice on the soul. Why should the latter be allowed and the bodily sore forebidden?

A curious thing these literary partnerships are, it seems to me, and yet they appear to be growing more and more common. One might imagine the result would be a sort of mongrel production without distinctive traits of either writer, and thus losing some of the attraction which a new book often possesses to its readers. Yet this does not seem to be the case in many instances.

One of the most remarkable and successful literary partnerships and at the same time one of the oldest, is that of the French novelists, Erckmann and Chatrian, a new edition of whose books has recently been published. They have worked together for more than 30 years, and though both are traveling well onwards in life and vigor does not appear to be any less than years ago, and it is now reported that they have a new novel all ready for publication.

The May *Book Buyer* gives a very interesting history of this partnership. Both are natives of Alsace, and it is here that are laid most of the scenes of their stories. The two were at school together and formed a strong attachment for each other. Erckmann intended to be a lawyer, while Chatrian was to follow the family trade of glass-maker. Both had like literary tastes and their views were similar upon many subjects, so they entered into a partnership, beginning with writing a series of tales, each seeming to supply what the other lacked. Their styles were so harmonious that they were attributed to one author, whose name was Erckmann-Chatrian.

They could not at first sell these stories and were both obliged to resort to other employment to live, but in 1859, they make a lucky hit in a novel which they sold for 1200 francs in all. Henceforth their popularity increased with each work, and their national novels have had an enormous sale. There are several other literary partnerships, but, perhaps, none quite so happy and successful as this.

A literary partnership formed for an entirely different purpose is that of Mrs. Cashel Hoey and John Lillie. This one was entered into for copyright purposes, as the present absence of any law to protect writers renders some steps for self-protection necessary. Mrs. Hoey's name has come to be very well known here in America, through the many stories given to the reading public. These are all excellent, although none have ever brought any great financial gain to her. She has an average income from her writings of $2,500 a year, or about $50 a week. However, she is able to live well as her husband has something to do with the management of the Prince of Wales's estate that brings him a salary of $5,000 a year, and they have a pretty home in Kensington and a good social position.

Brander Matthews and George H. Jessup are writing a novel together based upon their play, "A Gold Mine," and in London David Christie Murray and Mr. Henry Herman are to write three novels dealing with the same characters, and yet each one complete in itself.

The novel recently published by Dodd, Mead & Co., of Amelia E. Barr's entitled "The Last of the Macallisters," with its strong Scottish coloring, seems as if it must have been written by one "to the manner born," but on the contrary she is an American, if spending the greater part of her life in this continent entitles her to that name. She has, however, the faculty of making herself at home in any country, giving a local coloring to all the scenes Of course this could only be done by careful study and research, combined with close thinking.

Mrs. Barr was born in England, was mostly educated at home, but attended school for a time in Glasgow, was married there, and a few years later, with her husband, came to the United States. She lived in Texas until during an epidemic in 1867, her husband and three sons passed on, when with her three daughters she went to New York, and occupied herself with teaching and writing. She is a prolific writer, having produced as many as twelve novels in five years, and all more than ordinarily well written. They are

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THE ANTI-PROHIBITION LITERATURE USED IN PENNSYLVANIA.

In response to a request printed in the editorial columns of the Weekly BLADE, we have received from friends in Pennsylvania a large collection of anti-Prohibition documents, samples of those spread broadcast over the state by the Rum Power. A couple of weeks ago we discussed the arguments contained in a number of these. We propose to-day to note the principal new points in the documents received since then.

The first of these is a pamphlet designed to influence the members of Christian churches against the amendment. It is entitled, "The Teachings and Examples of Christ in Regard to Wine," and its author uses "Rev." before his name. He starts out by announcing his purpose to prove the following: "1.—That the wine of the New Testament was alcoholic or intoxicating wine. 2.—That the Saviour approved of the use of this wine." A careful reading of his pamphlet fails to show anything which is applicable to the Prohibition contest. If we grant his two propositions, even, that does not furnish the slightest argument against Prohibition. Distilled and malt liquors were not known in New Testament times. No one can have the hardihood to argue that CHRIST would have approved of whisky or beer, or any liquors of the kinds to which they belong. Nor can his second proposition stand for a moment against the fact that the New Testament is full of denunciations of drunkenness. The author has wasted his time and labor in his attempt. We believe the people of Pennsylvania to be too intelligent to be influenced by as thin an argument as he propounds.

The second pamphlet which reaches us is a reprint of an old article, by Prof. GOLDWIN SMITH, published two or three years ago in *Macmillan's Magazine*. He has collated all kinds of evidence, no matter how old, in support of the thoroughly-exploded lie that "Prohibition doesn't prohibit." Bitterly opposed to Prohibition himself, he accepts any statement against it, and excludes every one which testifies to its success. His argument is years behind the times. The evidence of the success of Prohibition in Iowa and Kansas, for instance, is overwhelming; yet he claims that in those states Prohibition is a farce and a delusion! The recent issues of THE BLADE have put in evidence statements which cannot be gainsaid, showing that Prohibition is effective in those states, and recounting the benefits to the people which have resulted from the abolition of the saloon. If Prof. SMITH is so untrustworthy in gathering evidence with regard to these two states, are we not entitled to doubt his trustworthiness in his statements regarding Canada and elsewhere? He closes his screed with the following:

> In case of extremity, such as war or plague, we are, of course, ready for strong measures, provided they are effectual. Not only war or plague, but any peril of such a kind that the state alone can deal with, warrants the intervention of the state.
>
> Nobody would desire to set arbitrary and pedantic bounds to the common action of the community for the preservation of the public life. It might be necessary, and therefore lawful, to close the taverns of the nation were the nation becoming the hopeless slave of drunkenness, as it might be necessary, and therefore lawful, to close the race-courses if the nation were becoming the hopeless slave of turf gambling.

But in an ordinary way we submit that, whether in the hands of kings or majorities, political power is a trust held for definite purposes which do not include interference with your neighbor's diet or his personal habits any more than they include limitation of his industry or the confiscation of his property.

Mr. SMITH is evidently entirely unacquainted with the arguments in favor of Prohibition, or he would not make such admissions as he does in the above extract. He has viewed the subject only from the opposition standpoint, and has taken up his pen without even troubling himself to ascertain the ground upon which the temperance people ask for Prohibition. He admits that "in cases of extremity"—that is, as he explains, "any peril of such a kind as the state alone can deal with," he would allow the state to interfere. Now, if he had made any study whatever of the evils of Rum, he would have been compelled to admit that the matter is one that can only be reached by the state, and hence by his own admission, justifiable. To stop the terrible evils resulting from the sale of Rum it is necessary to close up what Mr. SMITH (an Englishman) calls "taverns," but which we of the United States call "saloons." The real question is exactly of the magnitude of his supposed case; the nation is in danger of becoming the "hopeless slave of drunkenness." This vice is increasing, and the whole brood of vices to which it gives nourishment are increasing in the same ratio. The struggle in Pennsylvania is to stop this progress down hill by the use of the only adequate means—the whole power of the state.

The last sentence in the extract quoted above shows, too, Mr. SMITH'S ignorance of the real question involved in Prohibition. It does not seek to interfere with "your neighbor's diet or any of his personal habits." Prohibition does not make it unlawful for a man to get drunk or to drink. The drinker is not the man at whom it aims its shaft. It takes the impregnable ground that where a citizen's personal morals are acted on unfavorably from without, the state has the right to interfere to prevent such corruption. A man may be weak enough, or vicious enough, to ruin himself and injure his family by his improper personal habits; but it is quite a different thing for another man to attempt to make a business of affording him the opportunity to do so. This is a principle which is carried out in many ways at present without the slightest objection from those who oppose Prohibition. The law can not stop a man from desiring to gamble, and thus ruining himself; but it has the right to crush out gambling houses, because they are contrary to public policy. It can not prevent his being willing to drink Rum, but it can prevent the manufacture and sale of Rum on precisely the same grounds that it prohibits gambling-houses.

Next comes a pamphlet containing a reprint of an article entitled "The Theory of Prohibition," published originally in the old *Princeton Review*, several years ago. This is an argument directed against making Prohibition a question of morals and of religion. His argument is open to the fatal objection that it has nothing to do with the present contest in Pennsylvania. We assume that any church has the right, if it chooses, to make a religious question out of it. We are indifferent whether they do or not, however. THE BLADE has always discussed the question as one of public policy, not of politics nor of religion. In point of fact, we find ourselves able to agree with much of the argument in the opening paragraphs of the article in question. We give a few short extracts from this portion:

> The only justifying ground for a prohibitory law, if found at all, must be found in the principles, not of morality, but of political economy, or, to use a wider phrase, in the requirements of public policy. The scope of public policy is wide. It considers what is necessary or desirable for the community at large, what best subserves the interests of the state, what will provide for its revenues, develop its resources, and protect it from various dangers.
>
> Here is the ground of power to tax for support of the state and for public improvements; to establish common schools; to levy duties on imports; to decisive quarantine; to kill diseased cattle; to regulate the sale of dangerous articles, such as gunpowder and poisons. Indeed, public policy, the right of the state, may go so far in its demands as to "take the body" of the citizen, enlisting him for war, or even drafting him by force, if he himself is unwilling to fight his country's battles.
>
> Now, it is solely in the exercise of the right which such power implies, and for reasons of external public policy, that the state has in the past interfered, or can ever be said to interfere, with the liquor traffic, in all degrees of such interference, from the lowest form of license to the most iron-clad Prohibition. The professed object of all such legislation is the lessening or the entire suppression of the evil suffered by society in consequence of that traffic. In the presence of such law, if any citizen claims the personal right to sell liquor without a license, or if, as against Prohibition, the citizen claims the personal right to drink liquor within the bonds of moderation, and hence the right to buy or make—both of which claims found themselves on the personal liberty of the citizen—the state replies, in effect: "Whatever your right may be in itself, or would be in case others were not damaged by its exercise, yet you and your right do not stand alone. All rights must exist together in harmony, and when discord arises there must ensue a mutual limitation. In the application of this principle, the public good requires that the sale of liquor shall be restricted or suppressed, your individual rights to the contrary notwithstanding." So saying, the answer of the state is complete, and, if facts shall warrant, its position unassailable.
>
> Thus far it is clear that the essential question is solely one of public good. The morality of the question is incidental. Of course, modern society universally recognizes, however it may fail at times in applying the broad principle, that open immorality is adverse to the public good. Society is also, happily, beginning to apprehend that the political economy of the future must, for reasons of social prosperity, permit a large admixture of moral motives in its methods and precepts. And yet, after all, if no liquor laws have not been, nor could they be enacted because the use or abuse of liquor is immoral, but because the abuse of it is injurious to society. If such abuse did not threaten the public peace and create enormous burdens of taxation for the support of the jails, prisons, reformatories and asylums; if it were not the fruitful mother of crimes; if the immorality of this abuse were unattended by any material, physical or social ill-consequences, to the jeopardizing of the public good, there would be no ground for interference by the state.
>
> Its laws against various indecencies and moral evils are made and enforced, not for the reason that such things are wicked, but because moral corruption entails social damage. To sell or drink whisky might be as wicked as the unpardonable sin, but if no social evil arose therefrom the civil law would issue no warrant against it. It is, then, the fact that social damage attends the abuse of liquor, that crime and violence are multiplied by it, which furnishes the state with its justifying reason for interference. Such reason, be it noted, would abide and demand statutory action in the presence of any threatened danger, though the procuring cause or instrument of such danger were destitute of all moral quality.
>
> What, then, the Prohibitionist must do, in order to sustain his appeal to civil legislation, is to demonstrate the gravity and extent of the evils inflicted on society by the liquor traffic; to compute the burden of taxation caused by it; to count the crimes; to show the misery of ruined homes; the loss to society and mankind through the personal degradation and death of the victims, and the dangerous allurements of the saloon, by which thoughtless youth are snared to the ruin of all the hopes which the state should entertain for the service of each citizen.
>
> This is a clear analysis of the position of those who favor Prohibition without reference to its moral or religious bearings. While it is true that the ground on which the law can be invoked in favor of Prohibition must be that of public policy—and that ground is ample—it is by no means true that the only justification for such laws must be sought outside of considerations of morality alone. It is a question of morals, because the liquor traffic is the source, the *fons et origo*, of frightful immorality, debauchery and vice. That which is a source of immorality can not be moral of itself. That which is the cause of vice can not be itself pure. This pamphlet, after picturing so ably the evils of the Rum traffic, and pointing out the best line of policy for the friends of Prohibition to follow in their appeal to the whole people, then goes on to make an argument that this appeal must not be made in the name of morality, nor of religion, on the ground that while the Bible denounces drunkenness, it does not denounce drinking "in moderation."
>
> We have already pointed out that distilled and malt liquors were unknown in Scriptural times. The habit of wine-drinking—if the wine be pure, as it undoubtedly was in these days, and as it is not now—is infinitely less harmful than the drinking of distilled or malt liquors. There is a belief among many people that ale and beer are even beneficial; but this is disproved by the evidence. In the hot summer weather, when the daily papers are full of cases of sun stroke in the intense heat of the city streets, it is a fact that confirmed beer drinkers are those who succumb most readily. This shows the deleterious effect of the vile slop upon the human economy. Again, the deadly effect of whisky and other distilled liquors in creating an abnormal appetite for alcoholic stimulants—that "drink thirst"—which binds the victim in a slavery more abject and vile than any other, is left out of the account by those who argue against making Prohibition a moral or a religious question. Suppose the condition of things as regards intoxicants had been the same in Judea in our Saviour's day as it is at present in the United States; can any honest, reasonable man doubt but that His words of warning, of condemnation, against drinking, would not have been as terrible as any he launched against any evil of His times?
>
> Then, too, the essayist whose pamphlet we are considering does not draw the distinction so acute a writer should not have forgotten—that Prohibition is directed against the manufacture and sale instead of directly at the drinker. It stands on the solid principle of public policy that no one shall be permitted to do that which endangers the health or the well-being of the citizen. That this principle is founded on morals and Christianity, no one can successfully deny. It is a direct application of the Golden Rule. It requires that a man shall not do evil to his fellow-man, nor offer him the opportunity to do evil to himself, through the gratification of his baser appetites. That any true Christian can so stultify himself as to take anti-Prohibition ground, and practically ask the question of CAIN, "Am I my brother's keeper?" we do not believe. The evils of Rum can only be reached by the law through Prohibition; hence every man who desires to conserve the best interests of morality and religion against immorality, vice and sin, will cast his ballot in favor of Prohibition, as the only feasible method whereby to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE whisky men at Pittsburg are furiously angry at Judge WHITE, for adhering strictly to the letter of the law in the matter of granting liquor licenses, and have set on foot a movement looking to his impeachment. It is a matter of congratulation that some two-thirds of the members of the bar of that city have in public expressed confidence in Judge WHITE, and refused to give their countenance to the movement for his impeachment. If any mistake was made, the fault is in the law rather than in him. The liquor dealers will do well to remember that this law was not passed for the purpose of pleasing them. They may complain that Judge WHITE was severe, but he was not more severe than the law permitted him to be. Besides, if they are not pleased, it is only fair to him to say that a very large number of the people of Pittsburg are thoroughly satisfied with his course.

THE newspaper man is irrepressible in the wild and woolly West. The first man to die a natural death in Oklahoma was one of the guild. He was determined not to be "scooped."

RESULT OF THE WOOL TARIFF OF 1883.

The new Agricultural department has just published the annual report of the number of sheep in each state and territory of the Union on January 1 last. Below is given a table which has been prepared for the purpose of showing the effect of tariff legislation upon the sheep industry of the United States. The first column shows the number of sheep in each state and territory by the census of 1860, under the low tariff of 1857, and which was taken one year before the Morrill (protective) tariff began its operations. The second column shows the number in 1880, according to the census. In 1883 the wool tariff was reduced, and the third column gives the number of sheep at the first enumeration thereafter. The fourth column is the report for January 1, last.

The states are arranged in sections, with totals for each section, for convenience of comparison. A comparison of the figures for any state or territory, or of the totals for any section, between the first two columns, shows the effect of protection for the 20 years from 1860 to 1880; between the second and third columns the effect of four years of protection; between the third and fourth, the result of lower prices for wool, consequent upon the reduction of duties. It will be seen that there was a steady increase in the greater number of states up to 1884, and that since then there has been a great decrease, save in localities where the enormous increase of the farming population has been so great as to overcome this. The table is as follows:

SHEEP IN EACH STATE AND TERRITORY.

States.	Census 1860.	Census 1880.	Bureau 1884.	Bureau 1889.
Maine	472,472	565,918	577,206	549,725
N. Hampshire	310,534	211,835	209,666	194,772
Vermont	752,261	436,570	448,712	360,709
Massachusetts	114,849	67,979	69,446	59,505
Rhode island	32,624	17,111	21,077	20,433
Connecticut	117,107	47,301	53,712	47,231
Total	1,779,767	1,362,294	1,384,888	1,235,488
New York	2,617,855	1,715,180	1,782,332	1,513,426
New Jersey	130,228	117,020	117,008	103,179
Pennsylvania	1,601,545	1,776,508	1,745,712	1,360,760
Total	4,384,628	3,608,708	3,693,576	2,537,242
Ohio	3,540,767	4,962,496	5,000,036	4,005,756
Indiana	991,173	1,160,511	1,143,054	1,430,030
Michigan	1,747,440	2,083,393	2,147,000	2,134,134
Illinois	769,135	1,057,073	1,126,968	773,469
Wisconsin	332,954	1,356,397	1,356,443	788,145
Total	6,911,774	10,566,366	11,020,853	9,186,304
Iowa	269,041	455,319	497,161	540,700
Minnesota	13,044	267,598	278,463	337,500
Kansas	17,969	490,611	821,749	730,522
Nebraska	2,339	390,621	833,834	1,000,000
Dakota	193	89,244	182,000	242,117
Colorado		726,445	1,588,360	1,154,032
Montana		384,405	685,000	1,764,400
Total	302,586	2,803,045	3,824,277	4,669,271
Maryland	135,765	171,184	172,022	132,241
Delaware	18,857	21,967	22,077	22,294
Virginia	1,049,369	497,289	487,194	455,946
West Virginia		614,769	671,326	484,432
North Carolina	346,749	491,638	452,126	429,009
South Carolina	233,509	188,899	116,676	105,187
Georgia	511,617	527,589	543,415	424,583
Florida	39,153	50,681	98,942	91,590
Total	2,540,925	2,830,006	2,563,326	2,135,551
Alabama	403,186	541,997	527,933	422,383
Mississippi	352,932	287,604	293,477	292,287
Louisiana	181,251	126,631	124,864	116,244
Tennessee	725,319	1,009,214	1,057,116	826,916
Kentucky	998,990	1,000,269	980,166	805,928
Missouri	937,445	1,411,298	1,439,380	1,109,444
Arkansas	275,976	560,276	543,348	420,849
Texas	758,963	2,411,638	7,966,275	4,659,451
Total	4,5 9,9,9	6,5 3,6,9	12,020,714	7,996,703
New Mexico	830,116	2,083,331	4,425,200	3,514,473
Arizona		276,531	1,206,000	960,000
Utah	37,332	233,121	564,360	1,468,000
Idaho		77,326	187,500	374,890
Total	867,448	2,425,302	5,990,760	6,023,010
California	1,088,002	4,152,749	6,202,064	3,856,000
Nevada	376	133,605	385,350	694,046
Oregon	86,052	1,683,162	2,571,378	2,269,424
Washington	30,157	276,853	345,000	560,985
Wyoming		140,225	598,000	565,207
Total	1,184,587	5,802,314	10,214,092	8,735,580
Total	22,611,275	35,192,074	50,626,626	42,509,079

FREE SPECIMENS.

The BLADE desires to send specimen copies to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce the BLADE *everywhere*.

THE last steamer from the Sandwich Islands brings news of the death of Father DAMIEN, the Catholic priest who has been for sixteen years laboring among the unfortunates in the leper colony at Molokai. His death closes a career of martyrdom as true and as elevated as any that the annals of Christianity can furnish. All lepers in the Hawaiian group are banished to Molokai as soon as the disease manifests itself. This living tomb became a horror, because of the fearful immoralities practiced by the unfortunates banished thereto. The young Belgian priest, his soul filled with pity for these people, voluntarily joined the colony in order to bring the consolations of Christianity to the doomed ones. He knew that, sooner or later, he should inevitably fall a victim to the same loathsome disease, but he never faltered in his self-appointed duty. Sixteen years he spent in that living tomb before the horrid disease brought death to his relief. His name deserves to be inscribed high upon the roll of Christian martyrs.

FROM present indications, the House committee on Elections in the Fifty-first Congress will have its hands full. Already papers in sixteen contested cases have been filed, while it is known that there will be three or four others by the time Congress meets. Virginia and Mississippi furnish three cases each; Alabama, two; South Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, Florida, Indiana, Connecticut, Maryland and West Virginia, one each. Other cases are expected from Arkansas and West Virginia. The wholesale efforts of the Democrats to obtain by force and fraud the majority in the lower house of Congress they could not gain by the free will of the people, led to these numerous contests.

THE great forest fires in the Northwest every year entail an enormous loss. Not only do they burn millions of feet of timber fit to cut for market, but destroy the young trees and tree-seeds in the soil, so that "second growth" timber is a practical impossibility on the burned areas. Worse than this, they often destroy all the valuable constituents of the soil, so that it is reduced to the condition of a desert and rendered worthless for agricultural uses. A system of fire patrols along railway lines during dry weather would cost much less than the annual loss.

CANADA has not a tithe of the resources of this country, but she is not afraid to vote subsidies to develop her territory. Since last January her Parliament has voted a total of over $53,000,000 in railroad subsidies, or about $10 a head to each member of her population. If we had more of that spirit, and entered upon a similar course with regard to our ocean commerce, the sails of Yankee merchantmen would whiten every sea, and the stars and stripes float in every breeze, the round world over.

WHEN Mrs. WASHINGTON wanted a cook, and the President stood in need of a coachman, they advertised in a newspaper, and presumably filled the places. The Springfield *Union* moralizes upon this occurrence as follows:

> The more we consider the character and conduct of the great Washington the more wonderful his wisdom appears, even in the most trivial things of life. A hundred years ago he saw what thousands have learned since, that one of the best ways to get anything you want is to advertise for it in the newspapers.

THE state of New York has made contracts for the electric dynamos, by which criminals will hereafter be executed instead of by hanging. One will be provided at each of the state prisons, at Sing Sing, Auburn and Clinton. Death will ensue inside of thirty seconds, and be absolutely painless.

THERE is a general consensus of opinion among fair-minded Southern papers that President HARRISON'S appointments in that section have been good selections and from the best Republican material at hand.

OUR PORK AND BEEF ABROAD.

A strong agitation has been begun in favor of having the United States government again take up the subject of the introduction of American cattle and hog products into England, France and Germany. Our pork, bacon, hams, etc., are excluded by law from Germany and France, and from England by the extremely rigid quarantine regulations. These unfavorable laws and regulations was the result of a "scare" worked up in Europe some ten years ago, over the alleged unhealthfulness of these meat exports. The action of the two continental countries was as much a movement in the interest of their own stock raisers as on account of any real fault to be found with American meats, while the fact that in Great Britain all Canadian cattle are admitted without the restrictions that exclude those from this country shows the animus of those restrictions.

The subject was agitated during Mr. ARTHUR'S Presidency, but was dropped under the Cleveland regime. Now the breeders are actively at work to regain these important European markets, if possible. The leading agriculturists of the country have already united in an appeal to the State department for aid in this matter. The plan suggested to Secretary BLAINE is to have men of special training sent to some of the leading ports in those countries as consuls, with instructions to gather all possible information regarding the hog and cattle products in use, and to ascertain if there is any real prejudice against American beef and pork. If there is, they are to endeavor to dissipate it, through the press and in other ways. The ministers to the capitals of the three countries will have their attention directed to the matter, and at the proper time will propose to those governments the repeal of the legislation which excludes them. It would be a most excellent and advantageous thing for the farmers and stock-raisers of the United States if this plan should be successful, and a wide market thus be opened to them for beef and pork.

A HOPELESS ATTEMPT.

A gentleman in Meadville, Pa., writes THE BLADE suggesting a change in the manner of dividing the year into months. There is no doubt that the present system is bad, but does the reformer think he can change a custom which has grown up with the centuries? There never was a better organized movement than the effort to introduce the metric system of weights and measures into this country, yet it was a failure, and the fact that Toledo is now working under two standards of time when one could be easily substituted, proves how well nigh impossible it is to get away from old habits.

WHY should the people of the United States spend $20,000,000 a year abroad for raw silk, when it is possible to raise it all at home? Silk culture can be carried on almost anywhere in the United States It is an occupation that can be followed by women, wherever it is possible to find enough ground to cultivate white mulberry trees or osage orange. The great obstacle to the American silk industry is said to be the extreme cheapness of labor in China and Japan, whence the great bulk of the raw silk comes. But if the women in the villages and rural districts would set to work to cultivate the silk worm, they might turn a neat little sum each year, and still sell the product so as to compete with Oriental cheap labor.

A COLUMBUS banker writes to the *State Journal* suggesting that the three "days of grace" be abolished in the banking business. The suggestion is a reasonable one, but the spirit of conservatism is so strong that it is not likely the change will be made, at least for a generation or two. He says:

> Those three days are the remnant of the many more days of grace once given because the commerce of the world went by sails. Days of grace are not in accord with the modern methods of business, which so universally employ steam and electricity. The borrower gains nothing, as all discounts embrace the grace, and if he wants his accommodation for thirty or one hundred days, let it be so nominated; but why write "thirty" when thirty-three is meant?

THE Democratic howl that has gone up over the removals of incompetents in the railway mail service is heartrending, but it don't deceive anybody. The business public are only too thankful to be able to receive and send mail matter without the errors and delays that have characterized the service for the past two years. And the general superintendent of the railway mail service answers his critics by saying that not half as many Democrats have been removed as might have been if he had not stopped to examine each case carefully.

IF there exists anything under the broad canopy of heaven which can depress the spirits or dampen the enthusiasm of the Dakota or Western Minnesota boomer, it has not been discovered as yet. A cyclone traveled through that country the other day, blew down houses, killed men and carried live stock into the next county, and now the aforesaid boomer comes up smiling, remarks that it was not much of a blow after all, and figures out that it was the best thing which could have happened because some rain came with it.

THE London *Spectator*, in a recent article, endeavors to look into the future and determine what the United will become within the lifetime of the present generation of children. It concludes that we will possess a population of 200,000,000, and resources by which we may raise for governmental purposes $1,500,000,000 per annum; and further says that no European power, and nothing else than a combination of all European powers, could have such an enemy as this republic could then marshal.

THE great advantage of the Nicaragua canal scheme over the Panama project lies in the fact that while the total expense of building the former will be only about $65,000,000, that of building the unfinished part of the Panama canal ranges from $100,000,000 to $150,000,000. These estimates have been based upon such surveys as have been made of both projects. Hence the Nicaragua canal will pay large dividends at a rate of tolls on vessels that would not pay expenses on the Panama route.

THE Massachusetts legislature is discussing a bill that should be incorporated among the election laws of every state. It requires all political committees and organizations to make a statement, substantiated by oath, of all campaign expenses, which shall be duly audited and published. Such a law will do more to conserve purity of elections than anything else, except a rigid registration law and the Australian ballot system.

DID it ever occur to the gentlemen who are so terribly afraid that the country is going to the demition bow-wows the moment ROBERT P. PORTER sharpens his lead pencil and jots down the first figures of the census, that the scope of his work is very plainly laid down in the census bill, prepared by SUNSET COX, and he can in no manner exceed the powers therein granted?

IF New York city is too penurious to build a monument over General GRANT'S remains, why not bring them to Ohio, the state of his birth, for final interment? The Buckeye state reveres his memory, and would find no difficulty whatever in erecting a suitable memorial over his honored dust.

STORMS, HEAT AND SUN-SPOTS.

The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* is a firm believer in the theory that storms and tornadoes are in direct relation with solar disturbances, and that the hot waves that traverse the country also have the same dependence. Referring to the present heated period, the storms and tornadoes of the past week, our esteemed contemporary says:

> The solar disturbance now consists of an extended group of spots surrounded by a vast region of faculæ in a violent state of agitation. The faculæ occupy twenty or thirty times the space of the spots. These great fields of faculæ cause the intense heat. The signal service theory that the heat has moved from the south into the region of the storm center is ridiculous. The heat is directly from the furnace fires of the sun, which is a variable star. The sooner the signal service authorities recognize these facts the better. A daily knowledge of the sun's condition with the data gained from the observations by signal officers would enable the weather bureau to predict with accuracy the times of severe storms, and to locate them. As matters are now, the forces which the bureau does not recognize play the mischief with its forecasts. Great storms sweep the country without warning.
>
> The present solar disturbance is of such vast extent that the advanced portions must have been in view at least a day before the spots were visible on the sun's edge. The spots were visible Sunday, but will not cross the sun's meridian much before next Monday, May 13. On the 18th or 19th the disturbance of March 4 will be due by the sun's rotation. During its last apparition, April 24 and 25, severe storms prevailed for a week with very heavy rainfall on the Atlantic coast. This solar disturbance may still have sufficient energy to cause severe storms during the week beginning May 18. There is a disturbance five days ahead of that expected on the 18th or 19th.
>
> It is quite probable that there will be a steady increase of solar spots from this time forward to the next maximum. As the solar disturbances increase in number, violent storms will be more numerous. That is, the storm curve will correspond with the sun spot curve.

IS OHIO OIL UNREFINABLE?

It has been persistently stated, ever since the discovery of petroleum in Northwestern Ohio, that it is impossible to refine it so that it can be used for illuminating purposes. The Standard people have announced, time and again, that all their efforts to do this have resulted in failure. For some time, however, the suspicion has been abroad that while there may have been difficulties in the way, these have been measurably surmounted—at least far enough to allow a mixture of Ohio refined with the product of the Pennsylvania field, which is, however, sold as Pennsylvania oil. The New York *Financial News* has this paragraph upon this subject:

> The crude petroleum bulls all deny the statement that Lima oil is refinable—that is, that it can be made profitably into illuminating oils, but it is simply because they do not want to, as it is for this purpose that the Standard has tanked up 10,000,000 barrels and is buying up all the available lands. Last week we had occasion to call upon Messrs. Blake Bros., one of the largest dealers in this country in oils, we asked: "Are you receiving any of the refined Lima oils?" They replied: "Very likely, unofficially." In due season we likely learn beyond question that Lima oil is being refined with the Pennsylvania product, if not treated alone, in the meantime the interested ones will likely try to suppress the facts and sell it to unconscious buyers as the real Pennsylvania article.

IT is sometimes profitable to look at ourselves from our neighbor's view point. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* criticises an Ohio law as follows:

> A charming example of legalized injustice comes from Ohio, where the state collected its taxes from insurance companies during the year 1888, a total sum of $358,830.88 over and above all the official expenses of the department. In other words, an unfair law robs Ohio policy holders every year of more than a quarter of a million dollars, for it is the policy holders alone who suffer through insurance taxation. The life policy holders are naturally the worst victims, because their insurance represents a savings accumulation for their future benefit or that of their families, instead of a mere commercial security, as in the case of fire and marine insurance. The state might as well tax the holder of every book in a savings bank as to thus levy tribute upon the owners of life insurance policies.

THE Missouri legislature has passed a ballot reform bill, which applies only to cities of 5,000 or more inhabitants. It is an adaptation of the Australian system very similar to that of the Massachusetts and other laws, and provides for secret voting by exclusive official ballot. There seems to be no doubt that it will be signed by the governor, since he recommended such legislation in his annual message. Missouri has thus become the seventh state to put ballot reform into operation.

THERE is to be a halcyon and vociferous time in the Democratic camp over the task of filling the vacancy made by the death of Chairman BARNUM. That gentleman was a protectionist, and the free traders want his successor to be one of their stripe; while the other wing of the old party flaps for a protectionist. Senator GORMAN, of Maryland, is the candidate of the latter; while monopolist BILL SCOTT and "Rainbow-chaser" CAL BRICE are the free trade aspirants.

THE Democratic growl over the appointment of ROBERT P. PORTER as Superintendent of the Census is simply a pre-arranged scheme to prejudice the results of the enumeration in the eyes of the ignorant. The fact is well-known that the Republican portions of the country have been increasing in population and wealth faster than the hide-bound Democratic sections since 1880, and the census will show it clearly. Hence, the effort to discredit the coming census.

THE steamship City of Paris has just made the run across the Atlantic, from Queenstown to Sandy Hook, in 5 days, 23 hours, 7 minutes. She is the first to lower the time of the transiantic trip below six days. It is ten years since the time was cut below the seven-day limit. How long will it be until the Atlantic is crossed in five days?

THIS is a clear and complete statement of the case from the San Francisco *Bulletin*:

> England violates her free trade business principle by encouraging and subsidizing steam lines, and her protected industry is her most flourishing one. The United States violates its protective policy by leaving her foreign-carrying trade to compete with Europe, and its unprotected industry is its most unfortunate one.

THE propensity to joke is irresistible to "SUNSET" COX. He has just returned from his visit to the northwest and is now declaring that three out of the four new states just admitted will go Democratic. Those who believe the genial joker will appreciate his jest after the election.

BISHOP POTTER'S remark, in his centennial sermon at St. Paul's church that, "Jeffersonian simplicity is only another name for Jacksonion vulgarity," is causing considerable squirming among some ultra Democratic newspapers. The sting of the Bishop's epigram is in its truth.

ROBERT P. PORTER has begun the work of taking the census by arranging for vital statistics and the proper classification of deaf mutes. It is now in order for our Democratic friends to demonstrate that his initial action was in the interest of the "robber barons."

THERE is much sound sense in the proposition that the government printing office at Washington shall be attached to the Interior department, rather than be run as an independent establishment. Congress will consider the matter next winter, it is understood.

THE Democratic vote in Indianapolis last fall is shown to have been increased by the ballots of idiots and lunatics from the asylums in that city. It is a wonder they didn't vote all the dead men in the city cemeteries also.

THE Czar is soon to be crowned King of Poland. If the nihilists get a good chance at ALEXANDER with a dynamite bomb, the word will be spelled with an N instead of a P.

NEXT comes the quadricentennial of the discovery of America in 1892. It should be a boomer.

THE MINOR FEDERAL POSITIONS.

A correspondent writing from Wichita, Kans., desires to know "what is really meant by civil service reform, and why it is desirable." We suspect that our friend's ignorance as to the matter is partly assumed, and that what he really is aiming at is to have a discussion of reform ideas as to government positions outside of the army and navy. We have no objection to briefly discussing the elementary phases of the matter for his edification.

The doctrine that "to the victor belongs the spoil"—that is, the winning party shall make spoil of the appointive offices—was first put into practice in the federal patronage when JACKSON was elevated to the Presidency. It soon grew to be the custom that when a new administration came in, federal office-holders were turned out, no matter how efficient, and the party friends of the new administration were rewarded for their devotion and political work by being given the places thus vacated.

This custom is a pernicious one. The affairs of the government should be conducted on exactly the same common-sense principles that are employed in successful private business. A man should have a position because he is competent, industrious and energetic, not because he worked at the polls for a political party. He should be as free from the danger of dismissal as is a competent and satisfactory clerk in a business house. He should not be made to depend upon his exertions and his influence in a political campaign for his retention.

This is the "reform" which is meant in speaking of the government service. There are a number of appointive offices which it is proper should be filled by men who are in hearty sympathy with the political views of the President. The members of the Cabinet, the heads of important bureaus, and in general those officials whose positions involve considerable authority, come under this head. Nobody proposes any change in the present mode of filling these positions. But under these superior officials there are thousands of subordinates, whose duties are purely clerical. Politics has nothing to do with their daily work. Their duties are as clearly defined as those of the various clerks in a wholesale grocery or dry-goods house. There is no sensible reason to be given why the holders of these positions should be turned out because a new President has been elected, and an entire new set of clerks put in.

"Civil service reform" aims to reform the method by which these clerks have been appointed from JACKSON'S time down to the passage of the civil service law. It is based on the common-sense maxim that men should be chosen because of their fitness, not for petty political work; that a clerk should be appointed because he is a good accountant, or an expert bookkeeper, not because he caused the Fifth ward to increase its majority ten votes, or carried Turkeyfoot township for the party. The qualities that go to make up a political "heeler" are not generally those that are needed in a competent and satisfactory government clerk.

Civil service reform has come, and has come to stay. The politicians don't like it, for it cuts down their patronage, and therefore their influence. But the great mass of the people of the United States—the men who pay the taxes—desire above all things that the government business shall be carried on in an economical, business-like way, and therefore favor this great reform. The politicians may be hostile, the little political ward-workers may grumble; but civil service reform is bound to go on until the minor offices are filled without respect to politics, and are no longer made the prey of spoilsmen.

WHAT CAUSES IT?

Within the past few weeks there has been a marked increase in the volume of European immigration to the United States. The figures show that some 20,000 persons have been leaving the shores of the Old World every week to find homes in the United States, and engagements made for transportation indicate that there will be no falling off in the current for some time to come. The steamship companies are using every means at their command to provide for the traffic.

There does not seem to be any particular exciting cause just now for this great increase in immigration. There is no unusual wave of prosperity prevailing just at present on this side of the water. On the contrary, wages have suffered some reductions of late, and in the manufacturing way matters are far from brisk. Neither is there any special depression in Europe to stimulate the exodus. If Prince BISMARCK is to be believed, the economic situation in Germany, all things considered, is better this year than it has been for a long time.

While there is no direct exciting motive for a change of residence, it is not hard to find a general underlying cause for it. There is no more room here than in Europe, and the prizes for industry and ecomony are much greater in the United States than abroad. Things would be in a very bad condition here indeed if they did not at any time present better chances for poor men than they could find in Europe. A gradual lowering in the cost of transportation is going on, and this, supplemented by the activities of the agents of the steamship companies in drumming up trade, is doubtless having its effect. The methods of these agents are often improper, and there is just as present the most urgent need that a close investigation of the arrivals at Castle Garden should be constantly maintained.

A COLOMBIAN newspaper publishes a long article on the relation of that republic to the Panama canal, in which it is demonstrated that the ownership of the latter will revert, by the failure of the company to complete it, to the Colombian government; and declares that the latter will then offer it to the United States. The article has created a sensation on the isthmus, and is likely to stir up matters among the French share-holders.

WE present another humorous sketch by D. R. LOCKE, never before printed in THE BLADE, in to-day's issue. "The Inutility of Truth" will doubtless prove as mirth-provoking as was "The Widow of Mansouf," which was given last week. We have several more of these sketches, which will be given in due order.

THE British House of Lords has again defeated the deceased wife's sister bill. The adverse majority, however, was only 27. One of these days the conservatism of the Lords will have to give way, and the British widower will then be allowed to marry his sister-in-law, if he so chooses, and she is willing.

THE towering pyramid of lies that the mugwump and third-party press has erected concerning Senator QUAY'S opposition to the prohibitory amendment in Pennsylvania, tumbled into ruins when Mr. QUAY declared that he is in favor of the amendment, and shall work and vote for it.

THERE is but one mugwump

A PROHIBITION TEST

IN HUNTINGDON COUNTY, PENNA.

Has Prohibition Been a Benefit to the Town and County?—The Question Answered by Judge C. R. McCarthy.

More than two years ago, when all licenses to sell intoxicating liquors were refused in Huntingdon county, it was predicted by those who are now leaders in the whisky party, that it would ruin our town, or to use their own words, it would "kill the place." And as they boldly assert today that their declarations have come to pass, we have found it necessary in order to prevent them from using this argument against us to investigate the matter with great care, and we are prepared now to prove to the satisfaction of the most skeptical that our town has in no way been injured by Prohibition, but has been greatly benefited, and we have the marks on the ground to prove what we say, and in order to do this satisfactorily it will be necessary to go back to the years 1885 and 1886 and show the improvements made in our town during those two years with license. The number of new stores, number of houses built and houses repaired, and the amount of money expended in sewerage and street repairs, and also church repairs. Then compare these with like improvements made in 1887 and 1888, without license.

During the reign of liquor license the owners of the car shops at this place failed, and not a hammer was struck until 1887-8, when they were purchased by another firm. Several new buildings and other improvements have been made, and they are now employing between two and three hundred men, with a fair prospect of their business increasing. The superintendent, Mr. Gardner, tells me they have a good run of trade, and he feels confident that Prohibition in this county has been a benefit to their works. He will not employ men of intemperate habits if he knows it. A steam saw mill, with planing and manufacturing machinery attached, has been built in our town within the last year and a half, and also a machine shop for the manufacture of almost every kind of machinery, and these are both running at this time and are doing a good business.

	License, 1885-6.	No License, 1887-8.
No. of new stores opened up	10	22
No. of dwelling houses built	45	102
No. repaired	20	36
Amount of money expended on sewerage and street repairs	$3,200	$13,500

It will be seen from the above statement that there were twelve more stores opened up in our town during the two years without license than there were in these two years with license, and a gain of 57 new houses during the same period, and also a difference of $10,300 in favor of no license expended in street repairs. And one thing worthy of notice is, that many of the new houses put up within the last two years have been built by men who were formerly renters, and have been encouraged to save up and get homes of their own.

In addition to the one hundred new houses named, quite a number more are on the way. The National bank and several business men are preparing to put up large buildings this summer, in addition to those on the way. And I would further say, without fear of contradiction, that there has been more painting of houses, building of porticoes, yard and garden fences, and a general fixing up of residences in Huntingdon within the last two years than in any three former years of its history. And further, the tile works at this place are starting up and will employ some 50 or 60 hands. And while the number of stores has increased, the older dealers inform me that their trade has fully kept up with their former dealings, notwithstanding so many new stores have started up. So I can safely say as a fact, although times are a little dull, that Huntingdon was never in a more prosperous condition than at the present time.

In order that we might learn whether the churches of Huntingdon have been injured or benefitted by Prohibition, we thought it advisable to have an expression from the pastors, and they have kindly sent us the following statements:

From Rev. Mr. Anstadt:

"The Lutheran church has been in a more prosperous condition in every respect during the last two years than during the two years previous, and has increased her benevolence at least 40 per cent." W. W. ANSTADT.

Rev. Mr. Smith, of the West Huntingdon Methodist Church, says:

"I would say that the contributions of our church the last two years exceed the two former years at least 25 per cent. This includes some very material improvements in our church property, and does too at a time when many of our people were engaged in improving their own homes. Quite a number more were added to our church the last two years, and indeed can present a better showing in every particular. As a church we do not regret the fact of our having no licensed houses to sell intoxicating liquors in our town." M. L. SMITH.

Presiding Elder M. K. Foster:

"In my judgment 'no license' has worked well in Huntingdon county. Traveling as I do through the county in the performance of my duty as Presiding Elder, I speak understandingly. In the past two years our church—Methodist Episcopal—has enjoyed greater prosperity than in any two years in its previous history. Three new churches have been built, and at least eight of our other churches have been repaired, at a cost varying from $100 to $1,000. Our missionary and other benevolent collections this past year are the largest we have ever litted in this district. These things but indicate the effect of the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors. M. K. FOSTER.

Rev. James Curns, Pastor First M. E. church, Huntingdon:

"In the past two years the trustees and Ladies' Working circles have paid out at least $1,000 over and above the current expenses of the church. For ministerial support, missions and other church benevolence, we have paid out in all $5,447 25, a much larger sum than contributed in any two previous years except when building church. We do not owe a dollar on the church or parsonage property, and we were never in a better financial condition. Prohibition has not injured the First M. E. church of Huntingdon, and we are solid for the amendment." JAMES CURNS.

From Rev. H. B. Brumbaugh, Pastor of Brethren (Tunker) church, of this city, and also connected with the Normal College:

"In answer to your question, What has been our experience in regard to the refusal of license in our county during the last two years, as compared with the two years previous when license was in operation? I am most happy to say that our experience as to the change has been a very pleasant and desirable one indeed. As we largely reside in the west end of town we are glad to say that our nights are no more made hideous by the oaths and profanity, and the singing of filthy songs, as they before unwelcomely greeted our ears during the late hours of the night, and sometimes after the Holy Sabbath had turned towards the early dawn. Our members who have been in business during both periods have experienced a change that is decidedly in favor of prohibition. We, as a people, in no way deal in the cursed stuff, sign no license petitions, do no buying, selling or drinking, and therefore in this way have experienced no change except that of satisfaction. Our college work, we think, has been greatly benefited by the change, and we feel that those whose moral and spiritual welfare have been entrusted to our care are safer, being less exposed to the temptations such as are held out to the young men from the saloons. As a result of this, our responsibilities are correspondingly less, and those who sent their children here do it with a feeling of safety that they could not otherwise enjoy. We present this argument to our people and friends as an inducement to send their children here to have them educated, and the results have been encouraging. On the whole we, as a church, feel that the refusal of license in our town and county has been a great blessing to us, for which we try to be thankful to our Heavenly Father, and to those who have used their influence to give us Prohibition." H. B. BRUMBAUGH.

Rev. J. H. Chambers:

"The First Baptist church of Huntingdon has prospered greatly during the past two years. The advancement made has been comprehensive, embracing finances, numbers, spirituality and organized efficiency. A spirit of revival has been prevalent almost the entire time. An inspiring feature has been the conversion and addition to the church of a fine body of young men. Various desirable improvements have been made in connection with the church edifice. Never in the more than 40 years of its history were the finances of the church in as good condition as they are to-day. The Sunday school shares in a marked degree in the general prosperity. The receipts of the church during the past two years exceed the two previous years by $2,748 15. So we can safely say we have not been injured by Prohibition.

J. H. CHAMBERS.

Rev. Mr. Musser, pastor of the Reformed church of this place being absent, some of his members authorized me to say that during the past year they have built a neat parsonage costing $2,600, and in addition to this and ministerial support they have doubled their contributions for benovolent purposes.

Rev. Dr. Freeman, of the Presbyterian church, Huntingdon:

"I remember distinctly hearing a business man say, two years ago when all licenses were refused by the courts, that 'Huntingdon was dead as a business town,' and he added with considerable irony, 'All that Huntingdon needs now is a decent burial.' He was laboring under the popular delusion that the liquor traffic is essential to the prosperity of the community. He was ignorant of the fact that all intelligent people are beginning to see that the traffic is an injury and a blight to all kinds of business, but that of the distiller and and the seller of whisky; to say nothing of the lives that are wasted and the homes that are blighted. Certainly the gentleman was a false prophet, so far as the prosperity of the Presbyterian church is concerned. Our church for a long time, if ever, has not witnessed a more prosperous year than 1888. Our congregations have never been larger. Our contributions toward the benevolent agencies of our church were upwards of $1,000, and for congregational expenses $8,300. If that is the way Prohibition injures our church, we hope and pray that it may prevail in our county and state, and through the whole land."

D. K. FREEMAN.

Our colored brethren, assisted by a good lady, have built a neat little church during the past year, and paid for it.

I wish to show how license and no license effects the taxpayer:

"In 1885 there were fourteen licensed bars, two distilleries, and one brewery in the county. In 1888 there were no licenses—the distilleries and brewery closing May 1.

"Some of the accounts paid by the taxpayers:

	1885.	1888.
Com. orders in prosecutions, District Attorney and witnesses	$ 4,808 99	$ 2,137 84
Sheriff boarding prisoners, summoning jurors, etc.	2,273 53	944 62
Jurors, court crier and tipstaves	6,517 89	4,325 54
Boarding jurors, Oyer and Terminer cases	198 00	
	$13,798 41	$7,408 00

"The real debt of the county in January, 1889, is less by $16,846.52 than it was in January, 1885; and the county and state taxes in 1888 were less by $489.13 than in 1885."

I will close this article with a quotation from a letter written to a business man of this place by a man in a neighboring county who has gained the habit of strong drink, and desires to get away from the temptation of the saloon:

April 27, Mr. ——, I was not successful in getting the job I told you about, and would like very much to come back provided you would give me a job. * * * I am ready to come at any time. Huntingdon is my town, as there are no places there to spend your earnings for drink. Truly yours, ——.

The gentleman he writes to had given him employment some months ago for the special purpose of reforming him, knowing his habit, but his taste for strong drink gained so upon him that he plead with his employer to let him go back to his own county on the pretence as you will see of getting a better job. Poor fellow, the temptation was too great for him.

I trust that those who may read this article though prejudiced against Prohibition, will be led to see its advantages both financially and spiritually, and vote accordingly. That in it we have prosperity and blessing, while the sin of drunkenness is a curse and a reproach to any people.

C. R. MCCARTHY.

Huntingdon, Pa., May 4, '89.

TAX STAMPS IN KANSAS.

The Treasurer of Marshall County Explains Some Internal Revenue Figures.

MARYSVILLE, Kan., May 4, 1889.—EDITOR BLADE:—I notice in your issue of May 2, in commenting upon the number of special tax stamps sold in Kansas, that you account for them by the increase in our population. This is not the fact. The increase in our population helps us to diminish the number of liquor dealers. The people who come to Kansas are respectable people, and come here because they know that we are enforcing the law, and because they know that prohibition does prohibit. Those who come here with any other belief are soon convinced of their mistake, and if their appetites are so strong that they can not live in a prohibition state, do not stay with us, but drop back into Missouri, where they find a civilization degraded to their level.

The liquor traffic in Kansas is practically broken up and destroyed. No man having any claim to respectability or responsibility attempts to deal in the stuff. The liquor dealers of Kansas are men who are not known in the communities where the business is done. They operate under fictitious names, and are generally ex-convicts or broken-down gamblers, who are willing to take desperate chances to raise a stake. When one of them strikes a town, he makes the acquaintance of two or three men suitable for his purpose, secures a back room or cellar in some back alley, opens his stock, uses his acquaintances for cappers or pimps to notify the thirsty, and occasionally succeeds for a few days in driving a profitable business; but as soon as it becomes apparent that he is attracting attention he skips.

These fellows have a wholesome fear of Uncle Sam. They never open up without first buying a special tax stamp, and every time they change their location they have to buy a new stamp. The stamp used in one town will not do to use in the next. They never stay in one place more than two weeks. They move at least 24 times each year, and change their own names and buy a new stamp every time they move. This explains why the number of special tax stamps sold in Kansas appears to be large. Take the whole number of stamps sold and from that number deduct the number of druggists who are doing a legitimate business and divide the remainder by 24 and you will find about the exact number of villains who are attempting to sell whisky in Kansas in violation of law. Respectfully,

W. H. SMITH

FULLY—ANSWERED.

"Subriber's" Query Causes Comment.

As our readers will remember, a letter was published in our columns a few days ago, signed "subscriber," which dwelt at some length upon a subject of general interest, and which contained several inquiries which will be found answered in the following:

To the Editor:—Several days ago I noticed a communication in your paper from "Subscriber," in which considerable comment was indulged in concerning the pamphlets which are widely distributed by Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y. These pamphlets are published in order that the public may become convinced of the symptoms and growth of disease peculiar to the kidneys, and which is, it must be admitted, the productive cause, in a majority of instances, of other organic disorders. The publishers of these pamphlets are also the discoverers and manufacturers of the noted Warner's Safe Cure, which is known to be the only means for the prevention and cure of kidney disease, as can be testified to in every community. In the pamphlets referred to there appear a number of testimonials from parties who speak in the highest terms of how they have in many instances been restored to health by Warner's Safe Cure, after having been given up by doctors to die, and attached to those statements are the fac simile signatures of the parties themselves.

I am personally aware that all the testimonials published by this firm are genuine and are the voluntary statements of persons who are anxious to manifest their gratitude for the unexpected return of health and vigor which Warner's Safe Cure has brought them. To make assurance doubly sure, it can be added that Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., have for years, published a standing offer of $5,000 to anyone who will prove to an impartial referee that any testimonial published by them is not, so far as they know, bona fide and absolutely true. What more does "Subscriber" desire to convince him, in addition to his own statement, that his neighbors all tell him that Warner's Safe Cure has done more good for them than they have received from the doctors.

In view, Mr. Editor, of the many persons who are sacrificed daily to the bigotry and ignorance of physicians who persist in treating patients for symptoms, called consumption, apoplexy, brain troubles, and nervous disorders, when the real cause is disease of the kidneys—which should be detected and quickly eradicated by the use of Warner's Safe Cure—I maintain that the value of those pamphlets, which place in tqe hands of the public the means of knowing the truth, cannot be overestimated. FAIR-PLAY.

SUN-SPOTS AND RAINFALL.

A Discussion of a Theory That Has a Number of Adherents.

LOGAN, Iowa, May 11.—EDITOR BLADE.—It has been observed within the last few years that the maximum period of sun-spots has been a period of great electrical disturbance. The interval between which they occur is about eleven years. I have observed that, during the years of greatest disturbance, almost all the rainfall of the year was in the summer months, and during the years of comparative quiet on the sun's surface, much the larger portion of the annual precipitation was in the winter; the rainfall for the year, including melted ice and snow, being about the same.

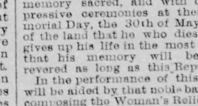
Now the foregoing are facts, not theories. I have observed this period and the return of extreme drouth about every eleven years, for thirty-five years, and have also noticed that each series of dry summers has corresponded to the minimum period of sun-spots. There must be a reason for this coincidence. I have a theory that I will give, based on the following facts: The amount of water evaporated by the sun's heat is about the same from year to year. There are two and only two agents in nature by which moisture in the air is condensed—namely, electricity, (or perhaps concussion produced by electricity), and the deprivation of heat.

During dry summers we have but little thunder and lightning or electric disturbances. Most of the evaporation from the earth's surface is during the summer, and when there is no electricity to condense it, it remains suspended in the atmosphere until the cold of winter causes it to fall in the form of snow.—F. J. COPELAND.

A Prophet is Not Without Honor,

save in his own country," said the great teacher of the first century, with a keen insight into the tendencies of human nature. History has proved the truth of this remark to such an extent, that it is accepted as unchallengable, and an unfailing indication that communities rarely give the meed of praise due those living within their boundaries, that others cheerfully and unanimously accord. The soldier, the painter, the poet, the writer, the physician, and all who mount the ladder of fame, are seen to better advantage at a distance. It is the purpose of this screed to prove the rule by a brilliant exception. The distinguished instance is to be found in the city of Buffalo, wherein a physician, or rather a student of the healing art, has secured a reputation for skill and science, unparalleled in the literature of his art. Dr. E. S. Burnham, of 390 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., has solved the problem of ages of suffering "How to cure Catarrh"; and he has solved it in a locality whose only pronounced affliction is a prevalence of Catarrhal troubles. Buffalo is regarded as one of the healthiest cities in the world, as far as the death rate is concerned, but its situation on the lee of the great lakes, has made it peculiarly susceptible to nasal and bronchial diseases, so much so, that three-fifths of its inhabitants are troubled. Dr. Burnham's great success in that locality is attested by no less than three hundred and fifty genuine testimonial letters, each written from a sense of gratitude by the person cured, and every one of which would illustrate the point we started out to establish. These letters are printed in a neat little pamphlet, which the Doctor will mail to any applicants. His treatment consists of a very simple apparatus and compound, the former being an inhaler battery of metal, containing a sponge which is filled with a chemical that flows from a little reservoir and saturates a hemp filling from which a perforated tube extends from end to end. Through this, a spiral copper wire passes, producing the Voltaic action by connection with the zinc ends. Evaporation takes place through a perforated tube, for the purpose of inhaling. The fluid is one that gives forth a pungent vapor, and this is inhaled, either through the mouth or at the nostrils. Catarrh, Neuralgia, affections of the Eye and Ear, arising from Catarrh, Asthma, Headache, and even that insidious foe of the human race, Consumption. It costs but a $10 bill, and anyone, who knows anything about Catarrh, knows that it is worth $10 to a sufferer to be freed from its noxious grasp. As Sol Pringle, the famous literateur, wrote on this subject: "As for testimonials, he has thousands, many of them from Roman Catholic clergymen, who, as a class, would not endorse a thing unless positive of its merits, and they live right in Buffalo, where he has lived so long and enjoyed so wide a circle of acquaintances socially and as a professional man."

It would be well for the readers of THE BLADE, who are interested in the subject, to communicate with DR. E. S. Burnham at once.



MEMORIAL DAY.

General Order of the Grand Army Commander-in-Chief.

Commander-in-Chief Warner, of the Grand Army of the Republic, has issued the following general order concerning Memorial Day:

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 22, 1889.

General Orders No. 8.

The sacred duty of honoring the memory of those who fell in battle or died on account of the hardships and exposure suffered in defense of our country, is upon us. Let it not be said that the Grand Army of the Republic is oblivious to the trust imposed upon it by the Rules and Regulations of our Order, which declares one of its objects to be "to perpetuate the memory and history of the dead." It is the sacred duty of the surviving comrades of that grand body of American citizens which sprang up as if by magic in defense of their homes and the constitution, although but a minority of those who followed the flag—to hold their memory sacred, and with our solemnly impressive ceremonies at their graves on Memorial Day, the 30th of May, teach the young of the land that he who dies for his country, gives up his life in the most noble cause, and that his memory will be cherished and revered as long as this Republic shall exist.

In the performance of this solemn duty we will be aided by that noble band of loyal women composing the Woman's Relief Corps, the patriotic organization of the Sons of Veterans, and by all liberty-loving citizens of our country who appreciate and are grateful for the blessings that we are permitted to enjoy on account of the sacrifices of these our fallen comrades.

It is earnestly recommended that such posts as cannot conjointly attend the memorial services at National cemeteries or other appropriate places, hold such services in their posthalls and invite all patriotic citizens to join with them on this solemn occasion.

Attention is also directed to the excessive burden that falls upon the infant post that are struggling for existence in the south, where more than 250,000 of our comrades lie in National cemeteries, whose graves in many cases are sadly neglected on Memorial Day owing to the paucity of our membership in those localities. The Memorial Encampment through its council of administration has authorized the quartermaster general to make provisions for supplying flags to mark every grave in these cemeteries, but donations of flags or the funds from which flags or posts would be gratefully received by either our comrades having this matter in charge or the superintendents of the National cemeteries, notably at Marietta, Ga., Chattanooga, Tenn., Memphis, Tenn., Nashville, Tenn., Fredericksburg, Va., Arlington, Va., Salisbury, N. C., Chalmette, La., Vicksburg, Miss., and Andersonville, Ga., in all of which the remains of more than 10,000 Union soldiers repose.

On this Memorial day, too, it is especially appropriate that the comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic remember him, who as their commander-in-chief, first established the beautiful custom of decorating the graves of our departed comrades, Gen. John A. Logan, the noblest type of the volunteer soldier of the republic. Your contributions to the fund for the monument to be erected to his memory, however small, should at once be sent to Comrade R. A. Alger, chairman Logan Monument committee, Detroit, Mich.

It is with feelings of profound sorrow that the commander-in-chief announces the death at San Francisco, Cal., on March 26, 1889, of Comrade Walter H. Holmes, past junior vice commander-in-chief.

Comrade Holmes was a member of George H. Thomas post No. 2, department of California, and was elected junior vice commander-in-chief at the seventeenth national encampment held at Denver, Colo., in 1883. He was a member of the National Council of Administration in 1883-6, and was well and favorably known throughout the Grand Army for his devotion to its principles and his untiring zeal in the promotion of the best interests of the order.

Comrade Holmes was buried with military honors in the G. A. R. cemetery at San Francisco, March 31, 1889.

By command of

WM. WARNER, commander-in-chief.
EUGENE E. WEIGEL, adjutant general.

Bargains in Watches and Jewelry.

The advertisement of the Harris Watch Company in this issue is worthy of special attention and careful perusal, as many decided bargains are offered. Our readers can rely upon the goods advertised being exactly as represented. We know the company to be thoroughly reliable and responsible, and in dealing with them our readers can depend upon receiving fair, honest and honorable treatment. Those of our readers who desire a thoroughly good watch, at a price much below that of any other jewelry house in America, should lose no time in availing themselves of this opportunity to obtain it.

The *Non-Magnetic* watch, is without doubt, the best watch ever offered to the public for $13. It is fully equal in every respect to the finest grade of watches manufactured either in this country or in Europe, the movements of which alone, in many instances, cost from $75 to $100 each. Those who wish a fine watch should at once send $13 to the company for the *Non-Magnetic*.

CURRENT COMMENT.

George's Court.
Ohio State Journal.

As compared with any executive court that had preceded it, George Washington's was simplicity itself, and could and would emulate the "simplicity" of Lincoln, Arthur and Harrison to-day without losing one jot of the "dignity" which characterized him and which was and is equally characteristic of them.

The Scandals of Oklahoma.
New York Press.

The Oklahoma scandals must be investigated. It will not do to disregard the thousands of charges against United States marshals and their deputies, who are said to have used their official positions to secure choice locations in advance of bona fide settlers. There are men in Washington now who stand ready to substantiate these allegations, and the honor of the government depends upon their receiving a hearing. The United States can not afford to allow its own paid servants to take unconscionable advantages of its citizens in the occupation of public lands.

Washington as an Ohio Man.
Bellefontaine Republican.

George Washington was not an Ohio man, but he pre-empted a claim in Ohio, and no doubt had his eye on an Ohio farm for a future home, had his days not been cut short. Had he had many boys to become future Presidents, there is not a doubt he would have anchored here.

What of the Next Century?
Washington Critic.

The 100 years to come are fuller of dangers for the United States than the century just ended. The century past a new country was to be subdued, with social problems presented of no very complex character. The people were Anglo-Saxon. Now comes the evil of a hybrid population, the result of a senseless encouragement of immigration of any sort, and the problem of dealing with the restless and reckless mobs of large cities.

He Can't Popularize It.
New York World.

There is a young man in Elmira who has had a remarkable experience. He was hanged, cut down and resuscitated. A mighty lucky youth, that. He says that while being choked to death he "could hear distant music," felt "awfully happy," had a "beautiful vision" and all like that, you know. This is rather enticing, but, on the whole, we prefer to die of extreme old age.

A Valueless Verdict.
Philadelphia Press.

The New York *Evening Post* dismally proclaims that President Harrison is a failure. The political and historical value of this verdict is best estimated in the light of the fact that the *Evening Post* pronounced President Cleveland a success.

Never Satisfied.
Albany Journal.

England has ample possessions in all the world, but she never appears satisfied. While the world has been waiting the movements of the Berlin-Samoan conference she has quietly taken possession of several Pacific islands and the British flag has been raised over them. This time it is the Sunwrow group, northwest of the Cook or Hervey islands, over which she established a protectorate only a few months since. Besides these, it is not long since she appropriated Savage island, and now with a girdle of stations all around Samoa, she can well afford to keep silent at Berlin.

Justice Matthews's Successor.
Globe-Democrat.

The report comes from Washington that the sucessor to the late Associate Justice Matthews will be taken from the circuit to which Matthews belonged. This confines the selection to Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky and Tennessee. Ohio has not been getting much from the present administration thus far. A Supreme court judgeship would perhaps reconcile her to the situation.

The Law's Delays.
Buffalo Courier.

"One of the first cases I had as referee, after I was admitted to the bar," said State Senator McMillan, "was one in which Grover Cleveland was counsel for the plaintiff, and Thaddeus C. Davis and Hiram Day were for the defense. The case went to the Court of Appeals and was recently decided. Between the time of the trial and the decision Grover Cleveland has been mayor of Buffalo, governor of the state of New York, President of the United States, and defeated by Harrison."

Just as it Strikes Them.
Boston Post.

The answer to the question, "Shall women smoke?" seems to be—they will if they want to.

Fall in Line!
Baltimore American.

Connecticut is joining in the crusade against grade crossings. Most of the large cities have been fighting them for years. Baltimore's turn will come some of these days.

The Law Should Make It So.
Hamilton Spectator.

It would not be a difficult or an expensive matter to construct rails or guards along the edges of the roofs of freight cars to catch men falling from the running-boards. Last year 30 persons were killed by "falling from cars or engines."

A Marital Reform.
Albany Express.

It fills us with a feeling of happiness to note that the "quiet wedding" is coming more and more into vogue, and that the riotous, boisterous marriage is going more and more out of the vogue just mentioned. We have held all along that the practice of solemnizing a marriage with the aid of dynamite, a troupe of real Indians and a steam calliope was very reprehensible and not at all in accord with our ideas of what ought to be in good society.

The Sun Never Sets On the United States.
Boston Journal.

Since the purchase of Alaska it can be said of the United States what has been said of England—that the sun never sets on her dominions. At sunset in Alaska the next morning's sun is an hour high in Maine.

Woman Always Perfect.
Troy Times.

American women, according to recent newspaper and magazine articles, are of the opinion that the gentler sex is usually most to blame in cases wherein marriage has proved a failure. These are strong, brave words. Truly, woman never makes her virtues and her endearing qualities more manifest than when she acknowledges her faults and the possibility of her making mistakes. Then, more than ever, is man willing to swear that woman is always perfect and that it is he alone who is ever wrong.

The Problem Before Republicans.
Chicago Journal.

Whether a cure can be found for this monstrous fraud on the suffrage—monstrous as to its extent and monstrous in its iniquity—it is now difficult to say. That is the problem before the Republicans of the country. It remains to be seen whether the statesmanship of the day is equal to the task.

Hill and History.
Utica Herald.

Governor Hill was overheard to remark not long ago, in a reflective tone: "I don't want to go into history as New York's whisky governor." Only one person could put him into history with that title, and Governor Hill is that person. He doesn't like the niche he has hewed out for himself he has no time to spare, but must wall it up at once and work earnestly during the rest of his term to acquire a better distinction.

Giving Liberty a Chance.
Dayton Journal.

The Memphis *Avalanche* says that "the South has been from the foundation of our institutions, the cradle of liberty." But that cradle had to be knocked to pieces before Liberty had any sort of a show.

More Like Heavy Swells.
Cincinnati Times-Star.

The gilded youths are taking to white vests of the most expansive patterns. When they are arrayed in a loose rolling coat, tall white collar, white tie and white vest that expose yards of material, they look like a ship with all canvas spread to the swelling gale.

The Growth of Kansas Cities.
Leavenworth Times.

In 1886 there were three cities in Kansas with a population exceeding 15,000 each. At this time there are six cities, varying in population from 15,000 to 50,000. In 1886 there were but 55 towns and cities exceeding in population 1,000. At this time there are 107 cities and towns with a population of 1,000 each.

Don't Threaten Children.
Baltimore Sun.

Threats of punishment are particularly injurious, for, if thoughtlessly made, they may be forgotten by the parent, but not by the child, and the latter does not fail to take the impression that threats are meaningless or may be avoided.

Note advertisement, Merchants' Hotel, Toledo, O.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER VII.

WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

BY CHAS. C. SAWYER.

Dearest love, do you remember,
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh! how proud you stood before me
In your suit of blue,
When you vow'd to me and country
Ever to be true.

CHORUS:—Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears how vain! Yet praying,
When this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again!

When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along;
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song.
Oft in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling, but in vain.

If amid the din of battle,
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call,
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah! the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain.

But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way;
While our nation's sons are fighting
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and liberty,
Let all nations see
How we love the starry banner,
Emblem of the free!

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

("The Prisoner's Hope.")

BY GEO. F. ROOT.

In the prison cell I sit,
Thinking mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away;
And the tears they fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do,
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS:—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching!
Cheer up, comrades, they will come!
And beneath the starry flag
We will breathe the air again
Of the free land in our own beloved home!

In the battle front we stood
When their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more;
But before we reached their lines,
They were driven back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of victry o'er and o'er!

So within the prison cell,
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door,
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

Note advertisement, Merchants' Hotel, Toledo, O

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

The term bills at Yale are increased $10 for each student for each fence rail reported found in their possession by the dormitory janitors.

Henry Morley will, at the end of the present term, resign his professorship of English and literature in the University of London.

In the South there are 16,000 colored school teachers. They have colleges, universities, seminaries, and are worth $2,000,000 in property.

Leading Paterson (N. J.) firms will establish an industrial school for the education of pupils in designing, dyeing, and the weaving of all textile work.

Statistics show that it costs from $400 to $1,500 to put a boy through college. Returns show that the money invested in the $400 boy pay the best interest on the investment.

The French minister of education has offered a gold medal for the best French scholar to be found in English schools. His offer is intended to encourage the study of French.

Russia last year appropriated $45,000 for the education of Russian children in Alaska, thus dwarfing the petty appropriation of the United States for education in that territory.

The New York legislature has under consideration a bill establishing a state board to regulate school text-books. There is a lively protest among educators, which will be likely to be heeded.

Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson is employed in the University of Denver, Col., at a salary of $3,000. The authorities do not feel that she should have less money because she is a woman. The ladies of Colorado are raising an endowment of $40,000 for a woman's chair, to be always filled by a woman.

Lincoln University, in Chester county, Pennsylvania, was established in 1854 for the classical and theological education of negroes, receiving its present title, however, from a supplementary charter granted in 1865. The theological department is under the supervision of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church. The great object kept in view by the faculty and friends of the university is to provide the negroes with thoroughly trained educators of their own race. There are now 175 students, while over 200 more are awaiting an opportunity to avail themselves of its privileges.

WAKING UP THE WHITE HOUSE.

Mrs. Harrison Sends Bad Servants to the Rightabout.

The domestic routine of the White House is very much similar to what the Harrison household was in Indianapolis, says the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times*. Mrs. Harrison is her own housekeeper. She looks after everything. Every morning she gives her orders to her retinue of servants. The steward gets his instructions regularly every morning. So does everybody else. Mrs. Harrison's management of the household of the executive mansion is the personification of simplicity.

She goes about the residence portion of the White House, which is the west end part, as though she was in a little, quiet, unpretentious house. She is not awed at the great high ceilings, the big rooms, the stately furniture, or the immense portraits of dead Presidents and their wives, who look down upon her out of their gilded frames.

Mrs. Harrison is very active and of a very cheerful disposition. She goes shopping and carries bundles back to the White House, and gets out of a common coupe with as little pretension as though she were entering her old home in the West. The servants of the White House have come to like her. She has a kind word for all of them.

So far four servants have been discharged—a drunken waiter, who drank too much on inauguration day; a drunken watchman, who thought he had been there so long that he couldn't be discharged, and two colored laundresses, who mutched off several afternoons at 2 o'clock, with the bags of the laundry in their pockets, and who didn't return until 9 o'clock in the morning. The report that all the colored servants were to be discharged is not true. Capt. Densmore said to-day that there was now one more colored servant employed than at the time Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland vacated the White House.

The White House is getting shabby. The carpets in the east end of the mansion, where the executive business is done, are threadbare. The window hangings are faded, torn and moth eaten. The woodwork is sadly in need of a coat of paint. The carpet in the Blue Room and the reception room, where the diplomatic corps is received by the President, is very worn. Capt. Densmore said it was no wonder, for since the fourth of March between 50,000 and 60,000 had walked over these carpets. All the doors and woodwork generally need painting.

The exterior of the mansion is not very white, although with the green lawn and the park in the background the house looks whiter than it really is. Dust that has accumulated for a long time has been washed down by rain, and has trickled in muddy stripes over the front, sides and rear of the big house. The big pillars in front of the house also look shabby. Capt. Densmore says that a new residence should be built for the President and his family, and that the White House should be devoted entirely to offices for the conduct of the business of the President.

The Mistake of Her Life.

Mr. Wickwire—Oh, I ain't going to deny bein' full, even though I know I ain't. There's no use arguin' with you, anyhow. You never do admit a mistake.

Mrs. Wickwire—Is that so? Why, just now I admitted the greatest mistake of my life.

Mr. Wickwire—Wot was it?

Mrs. Wickwire—You.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Note advertisement, Merchants' Hotel, Toledo, O.

Publishers' Column.

WASHINGTON ENTERING NEW YORK.

We have a few of the above named pictures left. Price, postpaid by mail, 25 cents.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight a the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.

This wonderful picture, the masterpiece of the greatest animal painter the world has ever seen, has been on exhibition in nearly all the cities of Europe, and after being owned by A. T. Stewart and W. H. Vanderbilt, America's greatest millionaires, has now been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

The spirit, action and strength here represented have never before been equaled on canvas, and the picture stands alone as the greatest and most life-like painting of horses ever produced. We are now handling a most exquisite reproduction of this painting (size 20x34) and not only does it rival the fine engraving in clearness of execution but it also has all the tones and tints of the original painting. This masterpiece should be in every home as it is an art education to be able to see and study the figures, and no one should neglect this exceptionally advantageous opportunity of securing a copy of this wonderful and world renowned picture Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address, The BLADE, Toledo, O.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

MUNKACSY'S celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on he face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio. Also "Christ on Calvary," a companion picture, price 25 cents.

1000 AGENTS WANTED to sell a new, useful and fast selling article just out. Sells to every family. Write for circulars. Address H. H. SNYDER, P. O. Box 85, Sandusky, Ohio.

SMALL HAVANAS | Three-inch Cigar Cadet, $30 Thousand; Opera, $12 Sample box by mail 50c. Agts wanted. J. M. Aguero, 236 Sixth ave., N. Y.

ALL WISHING TO USE $10 TO $1,000 in Stock Options, or to Margin, address Peck & Co., 24 Broadway, New York City.

FOR RENT AND SALE.

The Merchants' Hotel,

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

WHITE HOUSE SOCIAL LIFE.

Those Who Presided During the Second Period.

IN what I have termed the second period of social life at the White House, there was a marked absence of anything like a strong and impressive character in the women who presided there, unless, perhaps, Mrs. Fillmore be excepted. Up to her time there had been, beside the wives of the two Adamses, none who could lay claim to any distinguishing literary or scholarly attainments, although some were possessed of brilliant social qualities. Most of the latter, however, had been in the first period which had included fair Dolly Madison, whose beauty and grace bids fair to become traditional.

The second period begins with Jackson and ends with Pierce. Curiously enough, up to the time of Polk, the Executive Mansion was not presided over by the wives of the President, but by some relative deputed to that duty, excepting for the short time after the marriage of Tyler to the beautiful Miss Gardiner.

While this is true, it is hardly possible to write of the mistresses of the White House without including Mrs. Jackson, who, though she did not in life ever preside there, yet her memory exercised so strong and potent an influence over her husband that she might be said to have impressed herself upon the whole social part of his administration.

It is not necessary to enter into minute details of the sad story of her early life, her after-career, and its tragic closing. A gay, bright, dashing girl married in early youth to a man who was perpetually jealous of the vivacious ways that first won his love, deserted by him and receiving him again and yet again, until her woman's heart rebelled against his constant outrages upon her delicacy and her honor, she finally resolved upon a permanent separation, and went away from her home to escape his presence.

At this time the person upon whom his suspicions were fixed was Andrew Jackson, who is thus described in Mrs. Gordon's recent book published by Lee & Shepard:

"Among the boarders was a singular looking man, over six feet high, lank in figure, red-haired, uncouth in dress, a swearing, gambling, cock-fighting fellow called Andrew Jackson. Out of this unpleasant exterior shone a pair of dark blue, deep set eyes, eyes that could just blaze when turned upon a foe, but melt into tenderness when turned upon a woman, with whom he always bore the air of a protector. When he drew up his tall, spare figure, there was a sort of majesty in his presence that commanded respect, and with his bluff, frank honesty, won him a host of friends, even among the better class."

This was the man against whom the jealous husband directed his rage, and because of whom she was abused even though he left the house and went elsewhere to board, while she, later sought a refuge with friends. Angered and desperate Robards went away to Virginia, and soon word came that he had sought and obtained a divorce. Then it was that Jackson, filled with tenderness for a woman who had suffered so much, asked her to be his wife, treating her when she became so, and ever after, with a loving reverence which had in it much of that chivalry which we read of in the knights of King Arthur's Round Table.

THE FATAL BLOW.

Imagine the horror of this couple to learn two years after their marriage that the divorce had only *just* been granted upon grounds most dishonoring to her, the first report having arisen upon the filing of a complaint. Though they felt themselves in the sight of God husband and wife from their marriage day, the ceremony was immediately gone through with the second time for prudence's sake, and to silence all possible after cavil.

That it did so only for a time, and that it was this unfortunate story revived and revamped during the Presidential campaign when Jackson was a candidate, and, overheard by her in a hotel parlor just after the election was over, was the fatal blow that caused her death, only goes to show how prone the careless world is to see the black side of any fact about which shadows are possible.

General Jackson, as is well known, never recovered from the shock of her death and he entered the White House with this bitter grief gnawing at his heart stangs. The one he loved best was gone, and at the very moment when he had reached the summit of earthly power; gone because of that elevation. Her place as mistress of the White House was filled by her beautiful niece, Mrs. Donelson, who was graceful, polished and full of tact, and for a year or two kept up a pleasant social life, but her health failed, and the wife of Jackson's adopted son took her place. She was a woman of mediocre ability and accomplishments, who left no especial impress in any way.

VAN BUREN AND TYLER REGIMES.

When Martin Van Buren, called, because of his skill in pulling wires, "Little Magician," came to the Presidential chair, he had neither wife nor daughter to preside at the White House. He and his sons entered then alone, and yet it is said that everything was maintained with the utmost elegance and taste. He presided over dinners and receptions with tact and grace, but it was with the greatest pleasure that in the second year he received the bride of his eldest son, a young lady who, for the short time she remained in the White House, won universal admiration.

Then came the Harrisons, but as the President died when he had been in the chair but a month, Mrs. Harrison, who was still at their home making preparations for a removal, never reached the Presidential mansion. The Vice President, Tyler, then became Chief Executive, and his wife went thither with a heavy heart. She was a gentle, timid, retiring woman, much averse to the gaities of society, in which, indeed, she never mingled. The duties of her position were delegated to her daughter-in-law, an elegant and accomplished woman, but the death of Mrs. Tyler in the second year, and the unpopularity of the administration combined to shroud the mansion in gloom. Near the end of his term he married Mrs. Gardiner, the accomplished daughter of a wealthy gentleman, living upon Gardiner's Island, in Long Island Sound. Her beauty and talent brightened the close of the Tyler *regime* in Washington.

MRS. JAMES K. POLK.

Mrs. Polk, who came next, was a brilliant and handsome woman, who entered into the social pleasures of the capital with delight. She had rare wit and fine conversational powers, and would undoubtedly have been very popular in Washington had it not been for the asceticism which the religious vein in her nature induced. As a consequence there was a gravity and a formality about the festivities that is said to have been rather oppressive. She swept aside the dancing which had been the custom. Refreshments were no longer served, as in former times. Everybody was admitted to the receptions and permitted to take the President and his wife by the hand.

Had Mrs. Polk been any less popular than she was these social changes would not been so safely tided over. Without doubt she was an exceedingly "potent social factor," and when she left the White House she took the good wishes of many friends. She won the admiration of foreign ministers, by the royal way in which she carried herself, and taken altogether, she was the most notable woman who presided over the White House during the period of which I am writing. She still living at Polk Place in Nashville, where she has, in the forty years since her husband passed away, received the honors to which she was entitled.

OTHER MISTRESSES.

Three more women filled the position of head of the nation's social life during this period, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Fillmore and Mrs. Pierce. The picture which the mention of the first always brings up, is of the devoted, loving wife, who followed her husband through perils of war, sharing without a murmur the inevitable hardships of such a life, and rebelling with all of the strength of such a nature against his candidacy for the Presidency. "It is," she said, "a plot to take him from me," and it *did* take him from her. When they came to the White House, she absolutely declined having anything to do with the receptions or hospitalities necessary there, but her fair young daughter Betty, just married to Maj. Bliss, took her place and became a social power.

When Fillmore succeeded the dead President, his wife, like Mrs. Taylor, came with dread to the duties of her high position. She was, however, a highly cultivated woman, and it was during her time that an appropriation for a library at the White House was asked for and granted. She, with her daughter, selected the books and put them in order in an oval room upon the second floor. There was little gaiety, a morning reception once a week, an evening levee, a state dinner, and occasionally a little private musical party, constituting the whole.

Mrs. Pierce was as poorly fitted to be a social leader as can well be imagined. Refined in her tastes but exceedingly quiet, she was as unlike her gay, handsome husband as it is possible to imagine, and yet she was always the object of his unwavering love. Mrs. Gordon well expresses one trait in her character when she says: "Mrs. Prim was prone to melancholy. She could always see a mirage, made up of bridges; no powers of persuasion could turn her feet; she must cross them all, and you may be sure that she never boiled the peas with which she filled her shoes."

She came to the White House burdened with a sorrow from which she never recovered. Their only son, a bold, handsome boy of 13 years was killed in a railroad accident the January before her husband was inaugurated. This, united to the temperament of which I have just spoken, made all social life a burden. She, however, took her place there bravely, was always courteous, if not cheerful, and what she lacked, her husband's magnetic qualities which drew to him all who came in contact with him, made up for. The result was a social popularity for the administration accorded to few others.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

DESCRIPTION of the numerous pretty things which are so common in the homes now will be welcome to the HOUSEHOLD. They have been multiplying recently, showing the interest of the members, which we hope will continue.

PRETTY CLOCK SHELF.—I wish my friends of the HOUSEHOLD could see my clock shelf. I got a pair of brackets from a five-cent counter, then secured a board 8 inches wide and very thin, sawed off 30 inches, fastened the brackets first on the shelf with short screws, then onto the wall with long ones. I got a sheet of pink tissue paper, and one of pea green (any two shades will do that will harmonize). I cut the pink where it was folded, and folded it again the same way of the paper. Fringed it nearly the whole depth, crimped the fringe tightly in my fingers and shook it out. Parted it along the front, and one end of the shelf double. Then cut the green the same way and allowed that to come over the shelf over the top, and fringed one end of it just the depth of the pink. It is just beautiful, and the whole of it did not cost over 15 cents.—MRS. O. C. TOOKER.

PLASTER PARIS DECORATIONS:—I wonder how many members of the HOUSEHOLD have ever made use of plaster of Paris in house decoration. It may be used in various ways, a few of which I will attempt to describe.

In almost every home are the large glass bread plates with raised pictures in the bottom. Mine was the familiar picture of the "Runaway." Lions, flowers, or any other patterns are pretty. Turn the plate bottom upwards and wet it, then mix the plaster with water to the consistency of thick cream and pour into the platter, allowing it to harden for a few minutes, carefully run a knife around the edge, then dash cold water over it freely. It can then be easily removed and you will have a very lovely pinque. If the plaster be moulded in the plain cake standards and then painted with roses or any floral design, the result will be pleasing. Another way is to mix the plaster as usual, then apply with the hand to vases, jugs, bottles, &c., leaving it rough but *evenly uneven*. Then paint in any delicate shades that fancy dictates. Varnish with clear varnish.—FLORENCE.

PICTURE EMBROIDERY.—As yet, I have not seen anything in THE HOUSEHOLD about picture embroidery. It has been all the rage here for the past season. Beautiful banners are hung in narrow spaces on the wall. The foundation is shaded satin. The decoration consists of a scene stamped upon the fabric, and worked with embroidery silk, the dresses of silk, velvet or plush. A banner representing "If a body meet a body comin' thro' the rye," shows the rye in the background, worked in shades of green, with here and there a bright corn flower, and field daisy. A tree on one side has the trunk embroidered in brown floss, and the foliage in green. In front is the lad and lassie have their faces, hand and feet worked in very fine floss. The hair is wrought with floss, which is untwisted, thus giving a fluffy appearance. Both of the dresses delineated are attached to the background, so as not to show the stitches; that of the lassie, of silk surah, with a velvet bodice; that of the lover, velvet and fance. If any of the sisters care to hear more about this kind of work I will willingly respond.—DE VERE FERO.

A NOVEL FLOWER POT.—Cover a large flower pot with a half-inch coat of soft putty. Gather up and break into small pieces all the bits of colored glass you can find. Press these bits of glass firmly into the putty, placing as closely as possible, and arranging the colors to suit your fancy. One cannot imagine how pretty they are, unless they have seen them. Tiny bits of flowered china can be used in the same way. A large bucket, or a paint keg, fixed in this way, is very pretty to place upon the top of a rookery, to hold some ornamental plant. Place in sunlight to make very pretty. Shell and pebbles can be used in the same way.—MONTANA MAY.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, three thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stiten; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

BALL TIDY.—The requisites are three balls of No. 8 tidy cotton, a spool of coarse thread, and a wooden frame about 20 inches square, with pegs an inch apart all around. Fasten your cotton to the third peg from one corner; tie the ends of the three balls together, then, placing the cotton around the third peg from the lower left-hand corner, use the three strands as one; then take the thread to the opposite side, pass around two pegs; then back around one, and so on until you reach the third right-hand corner; then turn the frame and proceed in the same manner until the cotton is exhausted; fasten the end securely; then placing the frame with the pegs down, proceed to fasten every square where the threads cross each other. This is quite important, and be sure and let the thread run from one square to the other. When this is completed, turn the frame right side up, and with a sharp knife cut the threads half way between the squares, being very careful to leave six or eight threads on the under side. This is the foundation. Then place the frame over boiling water, with the pegs up, and with a stiff brush or broom brush it while steaming. Be very careful not to take from the frames until the steaming is completed, as that is the most important part, for the beauty of the tidy depends upon it. When that is completed, cut it half-way between the pegs, and you will have as handsome a tidy as one could wish. It will have the effect of little balls strewn on a tidy, and the stitches are hid by the steam separating the fibers of the cottons until it is as soft as down.—FLORA.

NORMANDY LACE.—Cast on 15 stitches; 1st row—k 8—n—o—k 3—o—k 2—(16 stitches); 2d row—k 2—o—k 5—o—n—k 7—(17 stitches); 3d row—k 6—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 2—o—k 1—o—k 2—(18 stitches); 4th row—k 2—o—k 1—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 5—(19 stitches); 5th row—k 4—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 5—o—n—k 1—o—k 2—(20 stitches); 6th row—k 2—o—k 1—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 3—(21 stitches); 7th row—k 5—o—n—k 1—o—n—k3—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 1—n—(20 stitches); 8th row—cast off 4—k 1—o—k 3 together—k 1—o—(15 stitches); repeat from 1st row. If Mrs. Wandlaw will try this, I think she will have no trouble, as I have just finished a pattern and know it to be right.—AUNT MINNIE.

THE HOUSEHOLD would be glad if the members who understand knitting and crocheting would send short patterns of both. Many of those now on hand are too long for insertion.—ED.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HINTS UPON OUT-OF-DOOR DRESSING.—As the season is here for boating, camping out, fishing, and out-of-door rambles, a few words upon the proper dress to wear upon such occasions, will not come amiss. The writer for the past ten years has spent considerable time in collecting botanical, geological and mineral specimens, and in studying the habits of birds, insects, and the smaller animals. Therefore she will give her ideas of a suitable dress. The best material for the dress is a rather coarse twilled flannel (or homespun) in either gray, blue or brown. The skirt is made with a deep hem at the bottom and gathered into a band at the top. It should be quite short and full enough to allow a long step or jump. If trimming is desired run on plain braid. Do not use anything that would be liable to catch upon rocks or bushes. The waist should be made in blouse, such as are used for boating or tennis suits, and finished at the neck with a broad collar, sailor style. The sleeves are a plain but loose coat sleeve. As a linen collar is warm and apt to "wilt" it is best to use a large linen or silk handkerchief at the neck, placing it either beneath or outside of the blouse. A strip of the goods from three to four yards long, and from eighteen inches to twenty-four in width is hemmed at the sides and at both ends and used for a sash. The reader may think this is a useless adornment, but it is not, for should it turn cold or damp, it is to be tatalized for shoulder scarf. In the skirt put two broad deep pockets in the side seams. In the left side of the blouse put a "cut-in" pocket, with a flap to button down. The hat should be a broad brimmed straw, lined with blue or green, to shade the eyes. Fasten it on well with hat pin and strings. The gloves should be buck skin or dog skin, long wristed. The shoes are best of pebble goat, broad toes, low heels and thick soles.

A word about the underwear. For obvious reasons it is best to wear merino drawers to reach the ankles, with stout hose to go over them. The skirt is best made with a deep hem, and from some stout colored material, such as wash poplin or ticking. A tourist's bag is hung over the shoulder, and if one is hunting rocks should contain a small, stout hammer and an oval chisel. A durable bag can be made like the suit and lined with strong material, and can be made square and then when up with a rubber and have a strap to pass over the shoulder. In going out for a tramp, be it ever so short, one and best always be prepared for accidents. In one pocket carry a small tin box or can, containg a vial each of ammonia, camphor and common salve. They are to be used in case of stings, sprains or faintness. Also carry a folding cup and a can containing tweezers, courtplaster, scissors, needle and thread, knife, tiny mirror and a matchbox. A pocket-flask is also useful, filled with cold tea, lemon juice and water, or lime juice. Take an extra handkerchief and a little twine. It is a good plan to always take a sandwich or two along, as one often gets faint before reaching home.

With a word about lunches, I will close. The best lunch to take at such times is sandwiches, bread and butter, cold meats, pickles, hard-boiled eggs (not forgetting the salt) and plain cake. At such times one does not care for dainty food. When one is fishing or walking over damp or marshy ground a pair of rubber boots are preferable to shoes.—MONTANA MAY.

HOW TO MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.—There are too many so-called homes in this and every other land that are not in the true sense *home*, but more dwelling places. Make your abode *home* sweet home, and it is attractive of itself. The center of this little world is named in that one dearest word—mother! Let her heart but be filled with the radiance of unselfish love, and let this love shine through the windows of wisdom and gentleness with a free and unrestrained brilliancy, and I will answer for it that home will always prove attractive.

To go back to the foundation of our structure, be sure it is a sound one; never make a marriage of convenience. From this emanates the large majority of our cold unattractive homes. There must be the true, warm commingling of kindred hearts and even then the path is often rugged.

One word to wives as well as mothers—don't fret. It is like a small, sharp file making a disagreeable noise and gradually wearing away the firmest structure of love and tenderness.

Be cheerful; a cheerful person is always an attraction. Petty sorrows and troubles may get our nerves unstrung for a time but a habitually cheerful person has always an oil that will smother the rough waves, and cheerfulness is in a great measure a habit. Then one more word to mother—don't be afraid of letting your children have home amusements. The merry game of romps—an amusing book, and last and greatest—bright, interesting conversation, will make home attractive and lovable.

Then do not forget the outward adornment of your sanctuary, a bright clean hearth and objects of beauty to meet the eye are truly a feast to the beauty loving soul.

Last of all, as well as first, ask God's blessing on your house. N. B. WEST.

SOME GOOD THINGS.—It is several months since I have had the pleasure of a chat with the HOUSEHOLD family and I find in the number before me many new names, but the same old cordiality seems to pervade this cozy corner that has always been its peculiar charm.

The leading article from the Editor on Union cannot be too highly commended, and the sooner women realize its importance the better it will be for the reforms that many of them have at hand.

While I agree in the main with JEANIE I am sorry to see her bolster up her position by perverting and misquoting the Scriptures. I think also, that her closing paragraph is in bad taste. Let us keep politics out of the HOUSEHOLD, but if any wish to "slop over" on that subject, let them chose some other part of the paper.

If Minnie Menton will write to Samuel Kauffman, Thayer, No., I think she will find what she wants as near as climate can furnish it. She and others will find, however, in special calisthenics and other hygienic treatment a better remedy for weak lungs and chest than any climate will give. Let me for the benefit of the mothers of the HOUSEHOLD give a case in point. Little baby Alice came to us some four months ago (about a year old) and very feeble from summer complaint and teething, and with naturally weak lungs, and many of the neighbors thought she would not see cool weather.

I began a "movement cure" with her as an experiment. Setting her on my knees with face toward me I took her little hands in mine, and singing in moderately quick time kept time with her hands, varying the motions so as to bring into play every muscle of the chest.

This was followed up from three to six times a day, always singing the same tune, which soon became very pleasing to her, and now seems to be almost a part of her, so much so that it matters not how pevish and fretful she may be, it is only necessary to start the familiar piece, and a few notes will stop her tears, and set her little hands going to the time.

Her improvement has been almost marvelous, and you will seldom find a child with chest and lungs so well developed.

Try it, sisters, with your delicate little ones, and report.

On page 3, of November 22, I find an article headed "Comfort and Luxury," in which merino undergarments for ladies are highly, but none too highly, recommended. But I wondered how many of the sisters who know that the inventor of the Merino union undergarment, was Mrs. Susan T. Conners, of Mass., a widow-lady, and as is often the case, it was a child of necessity. She found herself thrown on her own resources with a helpless little crippled daughter to provide for, with her new garment. She got along very well until a meddling townsman, concluding there was money in it surreptitiously obtained her pattern and begun their manufacture, since which she has had a hard time to make a living. How true it is that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

A sister in the last BLADE wants to know how to make pumpkin butter. The best way is to let about half the pumpkins freeze, and when thawed out press the juice out, boil to a syrup, and after cooking the remaining pumpkin until the water is about all out, put in the syrup, and cook down rich enough to keep. This is much finer flavored than if made with sugar and molasses.—W. G. CHURCH, Kansas City, Mo.

INQUIRIES.

I would like to ask some of the sisters to tell me what to do with my Wax plant (Hoya Carnosa) to make it bloom. I have had it six years and it has 20 or 30 feet of vine but never has blossomed. Please tell me also, how to manage a Day Lily to make it bloom.

I enjoy reading the BLADE very much, especially the HOUSEHOLD. Have got so many useful hints and helps from its columns.—A CONSTANT READER.

I would be glad if some of the members of the HOUSEHOLD, would tell me how to invest $100 or $150 so that I can have the income for pin money. The usual rate of interest is too low. I want some plan that will not interfere with my domestic duties. I can't carry on a distinct business. Don't need to try, husband is in good circumstances, but never gives me any money. The town I live in has no library. It has 2,000 inhabitants. Do you think I could make it pay to start one? Any suggestions thankfully received.—MRS. JONES.

Would Montana May or some kind reader please tell of a pretty way to make a home made cradle and trim it? And how to dress a boy of two years who gets himself very dirty, also how to keen a baby neat when in short clothes.—LILLIE.

I would like to ask if any of the members have a second hand Webster's Unabridged dictionary they would sell cheap, as I am unable to buy a new one, Address.—MRS. M. J. H., Lamotie, Sanilac Co., Mich., Box 417.

Will some one tell me what will take wagon grease or tar out of a brown worsted dress?—CORA BILDERBACK, Cummings, Kans.

Will some one please tell me through THE BLADE the way to clean soiled white ribbon?—RRIER ROSE.

Would some one of the HOUSEHOLD send a good recipe for cream pie?

Our cow gives clodded milk; what can we do for her?—E. H.

A young lady intending to go to California desires to travel in company with a lady traveling alone or a family making the trip in May or early June. Will such please send me their address. Invalids or children to care for, and will join them at any point in Eastern Kansas. Any of the HOUSEHOLD knowing of such, please address.—KATHRINA, in the HOUSEHOLD.

Will some kind sister tell me through the HOUSEHOLD what width bed scarfs are made, and how they are sewed on. Is the one of mine in the story "The Follett Curse" is printed in book or pamphlet form, and where can I get it and what is the cost?—A READER OF THE BLADE.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

No one need send requests for exchanges, as they will not, for reasons heretofore given, be inserted. Neither can we forward answers to requests, but in all cases an address must be given if answers are expected. We shall have to repeat the caution about writing on but one side of the paper.—ED.

I would like to say to Mattie A. Woolford, that I have commenced a pair of silk mitts according to directions and think they are beautiful. Many thanks for the same. I can send directions for tricot and tricotee, as I saved them from THE BLADE. Everyone ought to save the patterns and recipes, then they would have them and not have to ask for directions so many times.—KANSAS WOMAN.

Some one made an inquiry about teaching here in the South. I will say in reply that there are good openings. Two grades of certificates are given, first and second. To get first grade certificate, eight out of ten questions have to be answered. The salary in this, Hamilton county, is from $35 to $50 per month for country schools, which are among the best of the state. Any young lady teacher will receive any information she wants by addressing me.—B. K. REYNOLDS, a teacher, Sale Creek, Tenn.

In last week's paper Fanny wished to know how to make a pillow for a baby carriage.

A pretty one is made crazy fashion of bits of lace or very fine Hamburg edge put over a bright lining, and finish with an edge of lace or Hamburg.

Beetle bugs can be put in the same way.

Will some one please tell me where they obtain the stamping patterns they refer to by the number?—ARBUTIS.

HOUSEHOLD sisters, I am sorry that I cannot correspond personally with you, but positively I cannot. It will, therefore, be of *no use* to send any more letters to Miss Bouton to foward, as it is imposing upon her time. Am willing to answer any questions I can through the paper which seems to be my only resource. Am sorry that I cannot do so personally.—MONTANA MAY.

I see a request from a lady for a cure for ivy poisoning. Lime water is a sure cure for it, and it taken and attending to it as soon as known one application usually stops it at once. Wash the parts poisoned in it. To make the lime water: Take a lump of stone lime as large as a hen's egg, put upon it 2 quarts of water, keep covered, let it stand 24 hours, and it is ready for use. It is also good for sour stomach. Take a spoonful in a little milk or water. I have used it for years for ivy. It always cures If the parts are feverish take a teaspoonful of Epsom salts twice.

First to the lady asking about hickory-nut oil, I want to say, I extracted three tablespoontuls from half a teacupful of kernels. It was sufficient to start the hair on the bald spot larger than a silver dollar. It had been bald twenty years.

Egg-plant is good cooked in any way you cook mushrooms. First pare, slice and soak in salt and water from six to eight hours.

Salsify is better in the fall than at any other time of year. Cook it in every way you do oysters, after boiling tender.—JENNIE C.

RECIPES.

PERFUME FOR SACHET BAGS.—Orris powder, coriander seeds, lavender flowers, rose leaves, cassia and cloves, each equal parts. Reduce to powder; add 10 drops of oils of lavender and lemon and essence of bergamot.

ROSE COLD CREAM.—Almond oil, ½ lb.; rose water, ½ lb.; white wax and spermaceti, each, ½ oz.; oil of roses ½ drachm. Manipulation.—Melt the wax and sperm by placing the dish which contains them in hot water. When melted, add the oil, still keeping the dish in boiling water. When well mixed, remove from the water, slowly add the rose water, stirring constantly. Lastly, add the otto of roses; pour into jars and cork.

MILK OF ROSES.—Pound 1 oz. of almonds in a mortar very finely; then put in shaving of honey soap in small quantities. Add enough rosewater to work it into a fine cream. Add to the whole 1 oz. of spirits of wine. Strain through muslin. Apply to the face with a piece of lint.

ROSE WASH.—½ oz. powdered white sugar, 2 drs. of magnesia, 12 drops of attar of roses; mix; add 1 qt. of water, 2 ozs. of alcohol; mix thoroughly; filter through blotting paper.

These recipes should be put up by a first-class druggist, and if properly done are excellent. Can send lots more if desired.—LILLIE.

SWEET PEACH PICKLES.—To every 7 lbs. of fruit, 4 lbs. of sugar, 1 qt. of vinegar, 1 oz. of cinnamon, 1 oz. of cloves. Make sacks to put spices in to keep from mixing with fruit. If fruit is soft I put in jar and heat vinegar, sugar and spices together, then pour over, let stand a day and night, heat again, or until fruit appears a little tough, then cook according to need, but boil syrup until thick enough. If fruit is solid I make all at once.

Also strip ingrain carpet for rugs. They should be cut in strips very little over an inch in width, lengthwise, so the warpe can be raveled, and not the filling.—MRS. W.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

CONNOTTON, O.	
Horace H Whittaker	Jennie Smith
ATWOOD, MICH.	
Frank H Wilkinson	Ettie Tipton
WASHINGTON, PA.	Carrie Adams
Claude D Lytle	Rose Slover
Maude E Lytle	Jeff Lienart
Marshall Lytle	Lonnie Brown
Cering Lytle	Johnnie Ross
Mary Lytle	Maggie Haines
Pearl Lytle	John Robertson
Grace Lytle	Dick Robertson
CLINTON, TENN.	Florence Robertson
Maggie Dossett	Amon Robertson
Carus Hicks	Emmo McCutcheon
Henson Hicks	Jessie McCutcheon
Minnie Clear	Lillian Hendrickson
Wallace Clear	Roscoe Hendrickson
Grant Clear	Sam Hendrickson
D R Young, jr	Mossie Hollingsworth
Maude Lewis	Stella Hollingsworth
T J Scruggs	Rossie Hollingsworth
Oscar Scruggs	Mollie Medaris
Mabel Scruggs	Sallie Medaris
Edna Scruggs	J C Sarrett
Victor Cagle	Owen Bowling
Beulah Cagle	L C Atchley
Lillie Dail	Jap Bowling
Maggie Dail	Sneed Dossett
Rufus Dail	Amanda Lucus
Minnie Baker	Lillie Miller
Willie Whitson	Cora Culloton
Robert Whitson	Minnie Moore
Lelia Brown	Charley M Moore
Sallie Brown	Carrie Trevethan
Charley Guy	Grace Trevethan
Emma Wallace	Daisy Simonds
Lillie Trevethan	Roy Simonds
Edmund Baker	Ruby Simonds
Charley Baker	KNOXVILLE, TENN.
Will Hale	Sam Slover
Lensie Smith	Geo Simonds
	Frank St John

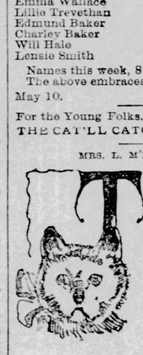
Names this week, 87. Total 26,700.

The above embraces all names received up to May 10.

For the Young Folks.

THE CAT'LL CATCH THE MERRY BIRD

MRS. L. M'DONALD SMITH.



THE cat'll catch the merry bird," so grandma said to me,
When Ted and I were singing as merry as could be;
We were singing "Hail Columbia," and "Who made David King,"
I tell you with our clatter, we made the rafters ring.
But grandma said when she looked in to bid us both good-night,
"The cat'll catch the merry bird before the morning light."

And we heard her call to mamma, as she toddled down the stairs,
"Nancy, come spank these children, and make them say their prayers;"
That spoiled our fun, I tell you, and we imagined we could see,
A huge black cat with fiery eyes under the old settee.

Then early in the morning, when we jump out of bed,
We always go to singing, do I and brother Ted;
We feel so gay and happy, till grandma, with a frown,
Says "The cat'll catch the merry bird before the sun goes down."

That spoils all our music, and makes us feel so blue,
For we're sure to get a whipping before the day is through;
We just go 'round a 'spectin' it, and though we try to be
As good as pie, there'll some bad trick be laid to Ted and me.

An' then we have to suffer; but my! I tell you
When we get off behind the barn, we make the air just blue!

We say such awful, dreadful, such wicked, hateful things,
And wish there were no nasty cats, so merry birds could sing.

A YOUNG PEASANT AND NOBLEMAN

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

Bleak and dreary enough are the winters in the outlying districts around St. Petersburg, the pale white capital of Russia, and bitter cold the wind that whistles through the forest trees, beneath which poor little Ugo Sarelaff gathers the fuel that keeps himself and the two younger children warm in their low, dark *isba*, or hovel built of logs, with is gayly painted roof, its earthen floor, and only one window, covered with dried fish skin. Indeed, Ugo's red head is the only warm-looking thing in the whole landscape, for his nose is as blue as his eyes, and he has to work briskly, and occasionally rub his face with snow, to keep it from freezing, for Ugo is the son of a *mosjik*, or peasant, and inured to hardship.

But he is a happy-go-lucky chap, although not particularly well-fed, his principal food being sour black-bread and cabbage soup. But his mother and big sister often has to take some pretty severe blows from the stick that always stands in a corner of the living room, particularly when his father has been indulging immoderately in *vodui*, the fiery liquor with which low-born Russians try to keep out the cold. But Ugo loves to sing, and as he reaps the dry branches on the low sledge, he warbles a mournful little ditty about a child that was hugged to death by a bear. It is sweet and plaintive, but far from gay, for all the songs of that frosty land have such an undercurrent of sadness that they have been called the "tears of Russia." He is very glad, however, to finish his task, and lead the half-worked little horse home, after which he can go indoors, and creep close to the great stove that keeps the whole house warm, around which his parents sleep at night, together with the spiders and beetles that overrun everything. As for Ugo and his brothers and sisters, they repose like sailors, in hammocks slung from the rafters, and never take off their clothes from one week's end to another.

But on Saturday our young peasant is as clean as a new penny; for that is "bath day" in Russia as well as in America, and then he is steamed almost to suffocation in a log house over the stove, after which several pailfuls of hot water are dashed over him, and he ends up with a roll in the snow outside. This severe operation makes him feel as fresh and gay as a lark, but after it he never thinks of even washing his face until the seventh day comes round again.

The winters are indeed terribly long and trying to the poor in Russia, but, oh, what joy when the spring at length appears! and how eagerly the children welcome the first dandelions, of which they twine wreaths to deck their heads and necks, and how gayly they greet the notes of the cuckoo, the harbinger of the short delightful summer, while when the ice breaks up in the Neva, there is a general rejoicing! A goblet is filled with the clear, cold water and carried to the Czar, who drinks it and returns the glass filled with ducats.

Then Ugo gets out his fishing rod and sits patiently for hours on the river-bank, and during the long twilight, which last until midnight, plays on his *balalaika*, or lute, for his sister Duna and her friends to dance the *tressaka* and the *korowod* in the open air.

A great contrast, however, to the life of the peasant Ugo is that of the young Russian noble Nicholas Alexandrovitch, who lives in one of those great, white, stuccoed houses within the imperial city. In his home great double windows and treble doors keep out the Frost King's icy breath, open fires and porcelain stoves preserve a warm, even temperature, and the *samovar*, or huge brass urn, is constantly smoking on the table to serve all with tea of which Russians are very fond, and which they drink with lemon juice instead of cream, and bite off a bit of sugar from a lump with every mouthful, instead of stirring it in the cup. When Nicholas goes out he looks like a small bear, so wrapped is he in furs, and he enjoys the ice and snow when gliding over it in a gay sledge drawn by horses with tossing plumes, while in summer he jogs merrily about in a quaint little drosky.

From a baby he has been petted and caressed, and when only five years old was a perfect little polished gentleman, kissing his parents' hands after each meal, and making the most dignified little bows imaginable; for Russian children are early taught graceful manners. His dress of velvet and silk was extremely picturesque, and in his sash he carried a three-hilted dirk. A bright-hued cap covered his fair curls, and he gayly flourished the pride of his life, a pair of shiny black boots sipped with red and adorned with tiny gilt spurs, while he prattled away in three different languages, which, however, truth compels me to say, he often mixed up most sadly.

Now that he is older and goes to school, he has put aside his frills and furbelows for a more manly attire, but still retains his beloved books; and how do you think he learns his lessons? A very difficult way, it seems to us, for he studies his history in French, and recites it in German, and learns his spelling in Russ, and his grammar in English, which, you see, is killing four or five birds with one stone; but most high-born Russians are good linguists. Nicholas and his boy friends are excessively fond of swinging, and the merry go-rounds at all the fairs are well patronized by young folks. They do not skate, although there is so much ice, for it is usually covered by mountains of snow; but coasting is a favorite amusement, and as the land is level, ice hills, both public and private, have been erected in different parts of St. Petersburg. They are about thirty feet in height, and are built in a line one beyond the other, so that the impetus given by descending one will carry you nearly up the next. The sleds used are made of iron, are very long and narrow, and are well cushioned. At the top of the first hill is usually a building with a room containing fire and refreshments. So devoted are the Russians, young and old, to this pastime, that in summer they coast on wooden mountains with greased tracks.

There are many holidays and festivals celebrated in Russia, when not only Nicholas, but poor little Ugo, has a good time. Swjatki comes in Christmas week, and is something like our Halloween, when parties of young people meet to tell fortunes and try various superstitious charms.

Three days before Palm-Sunday a great fair is held, when boys and girls all expect gifts. The cook makes fancy cakes and sugar images. The man-servants manufacture boxes of wood and paper for their young masters and mistresses, and friends send to each other beautiful palm branches, the leaves of which are of silver or gold filigree, and are elaborately decorated. Some are covered with natural hot-house flowers, others have waxen fruits that open and disclose wish-for toys or trinkets; or again they display a flock of tiny angels fastened on with blue ribbons. But woe betide the lazy boy who sleeps late on Palm-Sunday morning, for his brothers will be sure to whip him out of bed with a substantial bundle of twigs.

But the merriest, maddest time of all the year is the Russian carnival, or Butter-week, which ends up the winter festivities. Then the great squares of St. Petersburg fairly blossom out with menageries, theaters, and all sorts of shows dear to boyish hearts. Cake and bon-bon booths do a thriving business. Men dressed as clowns perform all kinds of funny antics. The coasting hills and swings are well occupied, and Nicholas spends each day in jollification, while Ugo manages to scrape together a few small coins with which he buys enough pleasure to remember all the year, and both go home at night to a supper of pancakes, called *blini*, which are fried in butter, as is all the food cooked during carnival week, it being replaced by oil as soon as Lent begins.

There are many other holidays, as well as each boy's patron-saint day, which is celebrated instead of his birthday; but I think I have mentioned enough to show that even in the life of a Russian peasant lad there is enough play to keep even this little Jack of the North-land from being a dull boy.—*Harper's Young People.*

A DOUBLE-HEADED TORTOISE.

This pretty little pet, the shell of which was quite the usual size that it was a little broader than long, had the usual four legs and a tail, but was furnished with two perfectly formed heads and necks, which acted independently of one another—so independently, in fact, that the right and left heads fought like Trojans, whenever there was occasion for jealousy or spite.

Now, the tortoise is generally thought a dull and stupid creature, but this little fellow knew the hand that fed him and refused to eat anything, however tempting, from strangers. The favorite morsel of these twin heads was a cricket or grasshopper. But the head lucky enough to seize it first, found it a matter to solo possession, not to be contested by the other.

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE ON "A POISONED DINNER"

Parallel Drawn Between the Past and Present—The Coloquintida of Mighty Temptation—Caldrons of Iniquity to be Found Everywhere in Modern Life.

BROOKLYN, May 12.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle today to a vast congregation. His subject was "A Poisoned Dinner," and his text II Kings iv, 40: "So they poured out for the men to eat. And it came to pass, as they were eating of the pottage, that they cried out, and said, O thou man of God, there is death in the pot. And they could not eat thereof."

Elisha had gone down to lecture to the students in the theological seminary at Gilgal. He found the students very hungry, as students are apt to be. It is very seldom the world makes large provision for those who give themselves to intellectual toil. In order that these students may be prepared to hear what Elisha says, he first feeds their hunger. He knew very well it is useless to talk, to preach, to lecture, to argue with hungry men.

So Elisha, recognizing this common sense principle, which every Christian ought to recognize, sends servants out to get food for these hungry students. They pick up some good, healthful herbs, but they happen to pick up also some coloquintida, a bitter, poisonous, deathful herb. They bring all these herbs, they put them into the boiling pot, they stir them up, and then a portion of this food is brought to the students and their professors. Seated at the table, one of the hungry students begins immediately to eat, and he happens to get hold of some of the coloquintida. He knew it by the taste. He cries out: "Poison, poison! O thou man of God, there is death in the pot!" Consternation is thrown over the whole group. What a fortunate thing it was that this student so early found the coloquintida in the mixture at the table! You will by reference find the story is precisely as I have mentioned it.

Caldrons of Sin and Death.

Well, in our day there are great caldrons of sin and death. Coloquintida of mighty temptation is pressed into it. Some dip it out, and taste, and reject it and live. Others dip it out, taste it, keep on and die. And it is the business of every minister of religion and every man who wishes well to the human race, and who wants to keep the world back from its follies and its sufferings to cry out: "Beware! poison, poison! Look out for this caldron! Stand back! Beware!"

Sin has done an awful work in our world. It has gone out through all the ages, it has mixed up a great caldron of trouble and suffering and pain, and the whole race is poisoned—poisoned in body, poisoned in mind, poisoned in soul. But blessed be God that the gospel of Jesus Christ is the antidote, and where there was sin there shall be pardon, and where there was suffering there shall be comfort, and where there was death there shall be life.

Some time ago, you will remember, I persuaded you of the importance of being charitable in judgment of others. At the same time I said to you briefly what this morning I wish to say with great emphasis, that while we sympathize with the sinner we must denounce the sin, that while we pity the unfortunate we must be vehement against transgression. Sin is a jagged thing that needs to be roughly handled. You have no right to put hand it with fine phrases or lustrous rhetoric. You can not catch a buffalo with a silken lasso.

A group of emigrants settle in a wild region. The next day a wild beast comes down from the mountain and carries off one of the children. The next day a wild beast comes down from the mountain, and carries off another child. Roused with all the neighbors band together, and they go out with torch in one hand and gun in the other to hunt these monsters down, to find their hiding place, to light up and ransack the caverns, and to destroy the invaders of their houses. So we want now not merely to talk about the sins and the follies of the world; we want to go behind them, back of them. Down into the caverns where they hide we need to go with the torch of God's Word in one hand and the sword of God's eternal Spirit in the other, to hunt out and slay these iniquities in their hiding places. Or, to come back to the figure suggested by my text, we want to find what are the caldrons of sin and death from which the iniquities of society are dipped out.

Undisciplined Homes.

I. In the first place, I remark: that unhappy and undisciplined homes are the caldrons of great iniquity. Parents harsh and cruel on the one hand, or on the other hand loose in their government—wickedly loose in their government—are raising up a generation of vipers. A home where scolding and fretfulness are dominant is blood relation to the gallows and the penitentiary. A child is a serpent that crawls up into the family nursery sometimes and crushes everything. Why, there are parents who even make religion disgusting to their children. They scold them for not loving Christ. They have an exasperating way of doing their duty. The house is full of the warwhoop of contention, and from such a place husband and sons go out to die.

Oh, is there a Hagar leading away Ishmael into the desert to be smitten of the thirst and parched of the sand? In the solemn birth hour a voice fell to thee from the throne of God, saying: "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." At eventime, when the angels of God hover over the cradle, trodden under the children lisping the name of Jesus? Oh, traveler for eternity, your little ones gathered under your robes, are you leading them on the right road, or are you taking them out on the dangerous winding bridle path, off which their inexperienced feet may slip, and up which comes the howling of the wolf and thousand of hideous sounds tumbling avalanche? Blessed is the family altar at which the children kneel. Blessed is the cradle in which the Christian mother rocks the Christian child. Blessed is the song the little ones sing at nightfall, when sleep is closing the eyes and loosening the hand from the toy on the pillow. Blessed is that mother whose every heart throb is a prayer for her children's welfare.

The world grows old, and the stars will cease to illuminate it, and the waters to refresh it, and the mountains to guard it, and the heavens to overspan it, and its long story of sin and shame and glory and triumph will soon turn to ashes; but influences that started in the early home roll on and roll up through all eternity—blooming in all the joy, waving in all the triumph, exulting in all the song, or shrinking back into all the darkness. Father, mother, which way are you leading your children?

A Fatal Forgetfulness.

A house took fire and the owner was very careful to get all his furniture out. He got all his books out, and he got all his pictures out, and he got all his valuable papers out, but he forgot to ask, until it was too late, "Are my children safe?" Oh, when the earth shall melt with fervent heat, and the mountains shall blaze, and the seas shall blaze, and the earth shall blaze, will your children be safe? Will your children be safe? Unhappy and undisciplined homes are the source of much of the wretchedness and sin of the world.

I know there are exceptions to it sometimes. From a bright and beautiful Christian home a husband or son will go out to die. Oh, how long you had that boy in your prayers. He does not know how many sleepless nights you have spent over him. He does not understand how many tears you have shed for his waywardness. Oh, it is hard, after you have toiled for a child, and given him every advantage and every kindness, to have him pay you back in ingratitude. As one Sabbath morning a father came to the foot of the pulpit as I stepped out of it and said: "Oh, my son, my son, my son!" There is many a young man proud of his mother, who would strike into the dust any man who would insult her, who is at this moment wandering by the paths of sin and bad habits, sharpening a dagger to plunge through that mother's heart. A telegram brought him from afar. He went bloated and scarred into the room and stood by the lifeless form of his mother.

Her hair gray; it had turned gray in sorrow. Those eyes had wept floods of tears over his wandering. That still white hand had done him many a kindness, and had written him many a loving invitation and good counsel. He had broken her old heart. He came into the room and threw himself on the casket and he sobbed outright: "Mother, mother!" But those lips that had kissed him in infancy and uttered so many kind words, spake not; they were sealed. Rather than have such a memory come on my soul I would prefer to have roll over on me the Alps and the Himalayas.

But while sometimes there are sons who turn out very badly coming from good homes, I want to tell you for your encouragement it is a great exception. Yet an unhappy and undisciplined home is the poisonous cauldron from which a vast multitude drink their death.

II. I remark that another caldron of iniquity is an indolent life. All the rail trains down the Hudson river yesterday, all the trains on the Pennsylvania route, all the trains on the Long Island road brought to these cities young men to begin commercial life. Some of them are here this morning, I doubt not. Do you know what one of your great temptations is going to be? It is the example of indolent people in our cities. They are in all our cities. They dress better than some who are industrious. They have access to all places of amusement—plenty of money, and yet idle. They hang around our great hotels—the Fifth Avenue, the Windsor, the Brunswick, the Stuyvesant, the Gilsey House—all our beautiful hotels, you find them around there any day—men who do nothing, never earn anything, yet well dressed, having plenty. Why should I, work? Why should you work? Why drudge and toil in bank and shop and office, or on the scaffolding, or by the anvil, when these men get along so well and do not work?

Some of them hang around the city hall's of our great cities, toothpick in their mouth, waiting for some crumb to fall from the office holder's table. Some of them hang around the city hall for the city van bringing criminals from the station houses. They stand there and gloat over it—really enjoy the disgrace and suffering of those poor creatures as they get out of the city van and go into the courts.

The Four Ways of Money Getting.

Where do they get their money? That is what you ask. That is what I ask. Only four ways of getting money—only four: By inheritance, by earning it, by begging it, by stealing it, and there are a vast multitude among us who get their living not by inheritance, nor by earning it, nor by begging it. I do not like to take the responsibility of saying how they get it.

Now, these men are a constant temptation. Why should I toil and wear myself out in the bank, or the office, or the store, or the shop, or the factory? These men have nothing to do. They get along a great deal better. And that is the temptation under which a great many young men fall. They begin to consort with these men, these idlers, and they go down the same awful steeps. The number of men in our cities who are trying to get their living by their wits and by sleight of hand is all the time increasing.

A New York merchant saw a young man, one of his clerks, in half disguise, going into a very low place of amusement. The merchant said to himself: "I must look out for that clerk; he is going in bad company and going in bad places; I must look out for him." A few months passed on, and one morning the merchant entered his store, and this clerk of whom I have been speaking came up in assumed consternation and said: "Oh, sir, the store has been on fire; I have put out the fire, but there are a great many goods lost; we have had a great crowd of people coming and going." Then the merchant took the clerk by the collar and said: "I have had enough of this; you cannot deceive me; where are those goods that you sold?" The young man instantly confessed his villainy.

The numbers of people in these great cities who are trying to get their living not honestly! And they are a mighty temptation to the industrious young man, who cannot understand it. While these others have it so easy, they have it so hard. Horatius of olden times was told that he could have just as much ground as he could plow around with a yoke of oxen in one day. He hooked up the oxen to the plow and he cut a large circle, and plowed until he came to the same point where he started, and all that property was his. But I have to tell you to-day that just so much financial, just so much moral, just so much spiritual possession you will have as you compass with your own industries, and just so much as from the morning of your life to the evening of your life you can plow around with your own hard work. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise." One of the most awful caldrons of death to-day is an indolent life. Thank God that you have to work.

The Awful Saloon.

III. Once more I remark: that the dram shop is a great caldron of iniquity in our time. Anachrsis said that the vine bore three grapes: the first was Pleasure, the next was Drunkenness, and the next Misery. Every saloon above ground or under ground is a fountain of iniquity. It may have a license, and it may go along quite respectably for a while, but after a while the cover will fall off and the color of the iniquity will be displayed.

"Oh," says some one, "you ought to be easy on such a traffic when it pays such a large revenue to the government, and helps support your schools and your great institutions of mercy." And then I think of what William E. Gladstone said—I think it was the first time he was chancellor of the exchequer—when men engaged in the ruinous traffic came to him and said their business ought to have more consideration from the fact that it paid such a large revenue to the English government. Mr. Gladstone said: "Gentlemen, don't worry yourselves about the revenue; give me thirty millions of sober people, and we'll have revenue enough and a surplus."

We might in this country—this traffic perished—have less revenue, but we would have more people in the penitentiary, and there would be tens of thousands of men who are now on the road to hell who would start on the road to heaven.

But the financial ruin is a very small part of it. This iniquity of which I speak takes everything that is sacred out of the family, everything that is holy in religion, everything that is infinite in the soul and tramples it under foot. The marriage day has come. The twain are at the altar. Lights flash. Music sounds. Gay feet go up and down the drawing room. Did ever a vessel launch on such a bright and beautiful sea? The scene changes. Dirty garret. No fire. On a broken chair, a sorrowful wife. Last hope gone. Poverty, want, trodden under foot. She knows all the sorrows of being a drunkard's wife. "Oh," she says, "he was the kindest man that ever lived, he was so noble, he was so good! God never made a grander man than he was, but the drink did it, the drink did it!" Some day she will press her hands against her temples and cry, "Oh, my brain, my brain!" Or she will go out on the abutment of the bridge some moonlight night and look down on the glassy surface, and wonder if under that glassy surface there is not some rest for a broken heart.

A young man, through the intercession of metropolitan friends, gets a place in a bank or store. He is going to leave his country home. That morning they are up early in the old homestead. The trunk is on the wagon. Mother says: "My son, I put a Bible in the trunk, I hope you will read it often." She wipes the tears away with her apron. "Oh," he says, "come, don't you be worried, I know how to take care of myself. Don't be worried about me." The father says: "My son, be a good boy and write home often, your mother will be anxious to hear from you." Crack goes the whip, and over the hills goes the wagon. Five years have passed on, and a dissipated life has done its work for that young man. There is a hearse coming up in front of the old homestead. The young of the neighborhood who have stayed on the farm come in and say: "Is it possible? Why, he doesn't look natural, does he? Is that the face we used to know? Is that the healthy cheek we used to know? It can't be possible that is him." The parents stand looking at the gash in the forehead from which the life oozed out, and they lift their hands and say: "O, my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom; would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

Drunkenness an Expensive Draught.

Lorenzo de Medici was very sick, and some of his superstitious friends thought if they could dissolve a certain number of pearls in a draught and then he would drink them, it would cure him of the disease. So they went around and gathered up all the beautiful pearls they could find, and they dissolved them in a cup, and the sick man drank them. Oh, it was an expensive draught. But I tell you of a more expensive draught than that. Drunkenness puts into its cup the pearl of physical health, the pearl of domestic happiness, the pearl of respectability, the pearl of Christian hope, the pearl of an everlasting heaven, and presses it to the hot lips.

I tell you the dram shop is the gate of hell. The trouble is they do not put up the right sign. They have a sign hung through a ring in the bands, fasten to ring back of shoulders. A bit on the bridle is not necessary. This will enable the animal to eat, but she cannot suck herself. The *Rural New Yorker* says: "One of the simplest and most effectual methods employed to prevent a cow from sucking herself is a block worn on the nose. For this purpose take a block four by six inches, and one-half to five-eighths inch thick, of basswood or other light, tough wood. Near one edge bore two 1¼-inch auger holes, so that they will overlap about one-half inch, and cut within about three-eighth inch of the edge. Then cut an opening five-eighths to three-fourths inch across, according to the size of the animal's nose, through to the edge of the block. Carefully round all the corners so that they will not make the nose sore. To attach the block, hook one point in one side of the septum of the nose, and crowd the septum through into the opening, so that the block will hang on the nasal septum. This will prevent the cow from reaching her teats with her mouth, but will not interfere with eating. Should the block be lost or broken apply another." The above will answer others who have made enquiries regarding cows sucking themselves.

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Ringbone in Colt—Cranberries.

M. E. C., Turnway, O.: You do not say whether the ringbone is in the fore or hind leg of your three-year-old colt, which makes a difference in treatment. If in the foreleg, the heel is put down first; and a thin-heeled bar shoe should be used. If the toe is put down first, and he tries to walk on it, the ringbone is in the hind limb, and on the sides or back of the pastern. In this case a high-heeled shoe is necessary. Contraction of the coronary ligament is sometimes mistaken for ringbone. This produces a thickening of the soft parts around the corona, and the hair turns downward and inward upon the hoof, giving it the appearance of ringbone. The heels are pressed closely together, and there is necessity for distinguishing between the two. If the ringbone has run beyond a few months then there is no hope for reducing it, as the growth is complete. If the case is a recent one, take of biniodide of mercury, 1 dr.; lard, 2 ozs. Mix well. Shave off the hair, and rub the part once a day for six or eight days. Each morning wash off with warm water and soap. It may be necessary to repeat the above. A shorter way, and one recommended by some veterinarians, is to fire the part at once, and blister once or twice. Either way gives the animal pain, and if the case has extended over a period of four or five months, a reduction of the part will be impossible. As to cranberries, THE BLADE has frequently given instruction how to prepare the soil, plant and cultivate them. They like a damp soil. The best place to run them is on swamp land, or low land that may be flooded. Dig a drain all around the piece on which you desire to plant, using the earth as an embankment, and have an outlet, if possible. Plant in drills two feet apart, either in fall or spring. Hoe the first season and keep down weeds. After this they will cover the ground so that hoeing will be unnecessary. Flood the ground before the ground freezes in the fall, and leave the water on until danger of frost is past in the spring. In the Northern states, about two feet of water should cover the patch during the winter. In a season of extreme drouth the patch may be flooded when necessary to supply sufficient moisture to keep the vines in vigorous growth. If the fruit rots it is probably too wet, and sand should be put on the ground in order to raise it and keep the fruit in proper condition. Sand is good to be put on the rich mould to the depth of an inch or two when your patch is young, so as to be evenly distributed by putting it on the ice in the winter time. When the ice melts away it is distributed evenly. Flooding the vines prevents the attack of the cranberry worm. Cranberries will grow on almost any land by giving it a top-dressing of swamp earth, but they thrive best when water may be used at will. Vines, plants that were produced from layers of the last season.

Ligaments of Stifle Sprained.

H. A., Galena, Ohio: The name stifled can only be applied properly in a case when the pully bone is dislocated. Your animal is suffering from severe sprain of the stifle ligaments. Begin treatment by taking of spirits of camphor, 2 ozs.; vinegar, 1 qt; water, 1 qt. Bath the part thoroughly with this until it is all used. After the heat is all out rub the ligament all around the bone with this: Spirits of camphor, 2 ozs., oil of turpentine, 1 oz.; tincture of opium, ½ oz.; strong vinegar, half a pint. Keep rubbing this in until used. Give the animal a month's rest. If the sprain is not an unusually severe one, he will come out all right. If not a season should be used. Take a strip of unbleached muslin, ten inches long and an inch and a half wide. Run it upwards and downwards four inches under the skin. Keep it on for four weeks. Keep it running by applying a little fly-blister once in a while.

Lameness in Carriage Horse.

G. M., Ohio: To tell when a horse has lameness of shoulder, when the foot is swung in a half circle, not much elevated, it is in the elbow or shoulder; fore-foot brought down toe first, shoulder lameness, navicular disease, side bones, etc.; more or less lameness at first, soon diminishing on motion, weed, corns, rheumatism, navicular disease; limb relaxed and feet behind its fellow, shoulder lameness; hind foot bent, knuckling, lameness of hind foot; hind foot brought foward under belly, head reared, lameness in both fore feet; fore feet pushed beneath the chest, head hanging, lameness in both hind feet; foot lifted quickly, straight up, lameness of foot or hock. From the above you can form a pretty accurate judgment. As the trouble has changed from one leg to another, it would seem to indicate rheumatism. The fact that his feet are not contracted and there is no atrophy, or shrinking would seem to further add to the belief in rheumatism. We advise you to try a rheumatic remedy. Take of powdered colchicum, 1 oz.; nitrate of potash, 2 ozs.; fenugreek seed, 2 drachms. Make into 12 powders, and give one night and morning in soft feed. Before administering the above give the animal a cathartic of 15 ozs. of raw linseed oil. Bathe the leg thoroughly with strong vinegar 1 quart, tincture of opium ½ oz, salt a full tablespoonful. Apply this for three or four days and wrap the leg in flannels. This will relax the muscles and strengthen them. If the horse improves under this treatment it may be necessary to repeat it in a month. He should be kept where there are no direct draughts of air, and should be kept blanketed lightly. If you notice him swinging his foot in a half circle, after taking the above, write and we shall tell you what to do. There may be lameness of the shoulder aside from rheumatism.

Nasal Gleet.

M. B. W., Cavelo, California: In the recipe for nasal gleet in horse, it was not the editor, but a correspondent that gave 1 oz. to the dose. The editor in reply to a correspondent said that an ounce was too strong, and at the same time gave proper proportions, 1 drachm in the doses.

To Prevent Cow From Sucking Herself.

Subscriber, Colorado: To keep a cow from sucking herself pass a band of leather around her body back of her shoulder; on either side of this have a ring; put another band around her shoulders in front with rings. These bands may be held in place by a strap passing from one band to the other. Now put a bridle on the cow, with a muzzle hung through a ring in the bands, fasten to ring back of shoulders. A bit on the bridle is not necessary. This will enable the animal to eat, but she cannot suck herself. The *Rural New Yorker* says: "One of the simplest and most effectual methods employed to prevent a cow from sucking herself is a block worn on the nose. For this purpose take a block four by six inches, and one-half to five-eighths inch thick, of basswood or other light, tough wood. Near one edge bore two 1¼-inch auger holes, so that they will overlap about one-half inch, and cut within about three-eighth inch of the edge. Then cut an opening five-eighths to three-fourths inch across, according to the size of the animal's nose, through to the edge of the block. Carefully round all the corners so that they will not make the nose sore. To attach the block, hook one point in one side of the septum of the nose, and crowd the septum through into the opening, so that the block will hang on the nasal septum. This will prevent the cow from reaching her teats with her mouth, but will not interfere with eating. Should the block be lost or broken apply another." The above will answer others who have made enquiries regarding cows sucking themselves.

CORRESPONDENCE.

How to Eradicate Burdocks.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—A correspondent wishes to know how to eradicate burdocks. The best and about the only way is to take a spade, and cut the root below the crown where the leaves start, and that is the end of it. This may seem like quite an undertaking, but is not so bad as it seems. Six years ago my place was overrun by them, and I probably spent two days in cutting them out, and have continued the treatment until now it is hard work to find a dozen; but I make it just as much of a point to cut that dozen as I did the many. But do not let a single one go to seed. You might as well let them all, and as for getting rid of them in a year or two, you cannot do it. The ground will be full of seed, and they will last for years, and perseverance is the only remedy. Another thing, do not get tired of sticking the spade in the ground and chop them off with it on top, for a dozen sprouts will come from every root, and you only make a bad matter worse, but cutting below the crown ends it; and again I say, do not let a single one go to seed, no matter if it is off in a fence corner or eight or ten rods up the road. When you have a few leisure moments take a spade and go hunting for burdocks. Keep it up, and they will grow beautifully less every year, until ten minutes will be all that is needed. —GEORGE H. MUCHMORE, Beloit, Wis.

Food For Little Chickens.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—The annexed is addressed to "Kansas Farmers": I have been in the poultry business many years, and have never found any food for little chickens to compare with millet seed. From the first year I tried it, I have never fed them anything else, and my losses have been almost nothing. Make a slat coop to keep millet in so large chickens cannot rob or trample them. I take my young chickens away from the hen at once, as many are lost from thirst which they can bear but a short time. Line a box with an old comfort and tack across so it will rest on them when they are inside. Put it close to feed cup and keep water near. You will raise your chicks.—SUBSCRIBER, Riddles, Oregon.

The Burdock Pest.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I saw in the last BLADE a request for some one to tell how to kill burdock and the common elder. For the burdock, cut them off even with the ground and rub salt on them. For the elders, cut them down on the day the moon falls in August. He will not have any more bother with them. As for the borers in trees, bore a hole in the trees, fill with soap and cork up.—MRS. H. A. CLEMENS, Lincoln, Kan.

Received.

The Cincinnati Price Current's 40th annual report of pork packing in the West and elsewhere in the United States, provisions and provision and grain trade statistics, for the year ending March 1, 1889. By Charlet Murray, editor of the Cincinnati Price Current. This report, like all others that have been made by Mr. Murray, is thoroughly reliable. It exhibits a vast amount of hard, careful work, and is a most valuable reference book for every one who seeks reliable information regarding interests in grain, provisions, hog supplies, pork-packing and statistics relating to agricultural productions, during the past and other years.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Testing Grass Seeds.

One of the best experiments which could engage the attention of Northwestern Experiment stations is a test of grass seeds. Some of the Eastern stations have been testing commercial fertilizers bought by farmers and forwarded by them for analysis. The result has been the exposure of many dishonest dealers, the vindication of honest ones, and the general use of fertilizers, with guaranteed analysis. Nothing has so discouraged farmers of the Northwest in establishing tame grasses, as the failure of the seed to grow. It is no insignificant expense to seed down ground to meadows or pasture, the cost being from $5 to $12 per acre, according to the kinds sown. This is in many cases half the first cost of the land, and if the sowing is without result is discouraging in the extreme. Failures have no doubt often been for want of proper preparation of the soil, and sometimes from unfavorable seasons, but bad seed has had something to do with it. Much cheating is possible in grass seeds, and the sharp competition in the trade is a constant temptation to sell an inferior article to customers who only look at the price per bushel and do not discriminate as to quality, and yet grass seed, 90 to 95 per cent of which will grow, is cheaper at double the price, than that of which only 45 per cent will germinate, and this last per cent is not unusual, as careful English experiments have shown. There is another important direction in which dealing in grass seeds can be reformed, and that is purity. Much of the grass seed offered in market is not only mixed with other and inferior varieties of grasses, but with weed seeds, many of them of a dangerous character. The white ox-eyed daisy which has spread over and made worthless many Eastern farms, has been sown with grass seed. Many other seeds have come in the same way, the dandelion for example. It is just making its appearance in Minnesota. The ox-eyed daisy has not reached us, and it may not mature its seed in this climate early enough to perpetuate itself in the meadows, but those who buy grass seed ought to make sure that it is not included in the purchase. There is no longer any excuse for selling impure or foul seed. Machines are made so perfect that they thoroughly clean, leaving it pure, and this pure and well cleaned seed is the cheapest seed to buy and the most satisfactory to sow. The quantity to the acre is much less, the seeding can be more even, and the result is certain if conditions are at all favorable.—*Northwestern Agriculturalist.*

Seldom Forget Bad Habits.

Animals seldom forget bad habits. Many farmers know this to their sorrow. Halter-breaking horses, fence-breaking cows, jumping sheep and sheep-killing dogs seldom forget how to perform their mischief. One cannot be too careful in the training of a young animal. Firm, yet gentle treatment, with a watchful carefulness that makes it impossible for an animal to take advantage of weak halters, broken fences or other helps to mischief, should always be employed in the rearing of young animals. Scotch farmers report some curious instances of the disastrous effects of teaching undesirable habits to sheep. In the Highlands of Scotland the sheep are expected to pick their own living during the winter. In ordinary seasons they will do so successfully. Now and then an unusually severe winter occurs, and farmers are compelled to feed hay or even grain. The sheep never forget this extra feeding and expect it ever after. They will not hunt for their food as formerly, but will stand about waiting to be fed even in mild winters. Some farmers are actually compelled to sell such sheep, and buy others that have not been winter-fed.

Milk and Butter Notes.

Farmers are warned by the *National Stockman* against the purchase of bran containing the scourings from grain, obtained by cleansing it before milling. "The mixing of these scourings with the bran almost always ruins it in quality, and converts it into a source of danger. Many a man has introduced adulterated bran into his dairy at the cost of the health and often the life of his best cows."

There is no copyright or trade mark on the word creamery, and stencil plates, lamp black and brushes are cheap. The butter, sold at highest price, is made in private dairies. The great value of the "creamery" is that it usually is managed by a skillful man, who has all the improved appliances, and makes a uniform article of much higher grade than much of the stuff made in private dairies.—*Jersey Bulletin.*

Good butter sometimes sells for $1 a lb., but it is given by a class of customers who know from whom they buy, how the butter is made, and who have tested the quality. The most important essential is cleanliness. The dairyman who curries and brushes his cows, washes the teats and udders before milking, and provides clean beds for his cows gets his pay in the price obtained for his butter.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"The secret of first-class butter-making, from top to bottom, is cleanliness," says an Eastern dairyman. "If any mistake in this direction is made anywhere, the butter is spoiled. You might make your butter all right, but if it is tainted by the barn or the cows it is spoiled. Why! My cows are kept perfectly clean and no odors are allowed about the barn. Eternal vigilance is the watchword of my dairy."

Butter will not preserve its nutty flavor in contact with wooden packages. I never tasted any first-quality butter that had been packed in tubs or firkins. I would sooner eat fresh lard than tub or firkin butter. Butter not sweet has commenced to decay, and any decaying animal substance is an abomination. My grandmother whitered butter as fresh and nice as the day it was made by pulling it in sacks and submerging in strong brine.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Prof. F. G. Short, of the Wisconsin university, says there was no sense or profit in putting the milk of a cow having more than 4 per cent of fat in her milk, into cheese. Milk containing more than this was more profitable for butter-making. If used for cheese making it might as well be partly skimmed. The testimony of expert cheese makers present sustained Prof. Short's position—not more than four pounds of fat to 100 of milk could be incorporated in cheese.

Milk cows, as milk cows, are valuable only in proportion to the quantity and quality of the milk they produce, and in the class for cows in milk that, and that alone, should be the point on which the prizes should be decided. There are any number of other classes in which good bodies, vessels, heads, etc., can all be showed off to full advantage, whereas in the milking classes it is milk and milking capabilities that are wanted. Let these, therefore, alone decide who are the prize-winners in this class.—*Cor. Mark Lane Express.*

At the meeting to form a co-operative creamery association the wages of the superintendent was discussed. He is the responsible business head of the concern; he must be honest, active, and a good business man. The success or failure of the enterprise depends on his ability. Against a large majority who wanted his pay fixed at one dollar a day, the majority decided to pay him $1.50 a day. And yet send almost any of these men to the legislature and they would vote with Mr. McNelly to pay the cuspador slinger $5 a day.—*Argus, Caledonia, Minn.*

Among the Poultry.

Just at night is the best time to set hens.

Sulphur is not good to give the young chickens.

Kerosene and lard make a good ointment for scaly legs.

One advantage with ducks is that they do not harbor lice. They have too much oil.

If the eggs are to be hatched keep a drake for every five ducks in order to be sure.

After the chickens are two or three weeks old they can be fed on cracked wheat.

Old pieces of oilcloth can be used to good advantage as a covering for coops in rainy weather.

One advantage with Pekin ducks is that only a low fence is needed to confine or keep them out.

Never keep a slop hole where the poultry can help themselves if you expect to maintain health.

Milk is a much better food for poultry during the summer than corn. Corn is heating and fattening, two conditions that, as a rule, ought to be avoided, unless feeding for the market.

The value of the manure should always be considered in keeping poultry properly managed. It is one of the best fertilizers that can be had, and is well worth the the trouble of gathering up and storing until ready for use.

On the farm the laying of five dozen eggs ought to pay for keeping a hen a year. All above this is profit. On the farm it will nearly always pay to plant a few rows of sunflower seed especially for the poultry. Goose are fond of seeds, especially of purslane, and will often do good service in killing out and destroying weeds. Very often a few drops of turpentine put in the drinking water at this time will prevent the gapes. If the chicks are already affected, a drop or two on a small piece of bread will cure. As a rule guineas should be hatched under hens near house. They are naturally rather wild, and this will aid materially in making them gentle if the young guineas are kept near the house.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

TRADE REPORT.

A Review of the Business of the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade, dated New York, May 11, says: It is the most prominent characteristic of the present situation throughout the country that the usual consistency of commercial action is lacking; transactions and results for some branches of business are highly satisfactory, and for others much the reverse.

Many iron works are closing, for example, but many are doing remarkably well; many woolen mills are idle, but others are at work full time with fair profits. The approaching transition from one crop year to another, the recent change of administration, the changes in the inter-state law, and the rapid development of manufactures at the south, are producing effects which cannot be fully measured.

Iron production has continued to decline, the output weekly of anthracite and bituminous May 1 being only 133,714 tons, a decrease of 4,324 weekly since April 1.

The coal market is still unsettled.

The wool market goes lower while waiting for adequate new supplies, and the average of 104 qualities May 1 was at 24.3 cents, against 24.8 cents April 1. Much depends upon the state of the dry goods market which is now not encouraging.

The cotton manufacture is active and healthy.

A speculative movement in breadstuffs has developed again, apparently based on the theory that, although the coming crop may be very large, there will be enough actual scarcity in July, before new wheat comes forward freely to enable traders to unload. Wheat has advanced 1¼c, corn 1⅛c and oats 1¼c, with an advance of 15c per 100 pounds in hogs and lard.

The grocery trade has been active. In sugar the demand is confined to actual needs. In spite of some speculative advances the general average of prices for commodities is a little lower that it was May 2.

The stock market ends at exactly the average of a week ago, the default in the St. Louis & Arkansas being the more prominent cause of recent weakness. But the large exports of gold which began a week ago and the absorption of $4,000,000 by the treasury since May 3, also have some effect.

The business failures number 227 as compared with 214 last week and 213 the week previous. For the corresponding week last year the figures were 209.

ARE WELL ALONG.

The Condition of the Growing Crops is Good.

The condition of winter wheat according to the May report of the department of Agriculture, has advanced from 94 to 96; of rye from 93.9 to 96.5. The general average of winter barley is 96.9; of spring pasture, 96.6; of mowing lands, 96.3. The winter wheat of the Ohio valley, while fully maintaining its April position, has had a scant supply of moisture, and fears of the future decline of the condition are entertained in case of a continued deficiency of rainfall.

On the Atlantic slope, the recent heavy rains have obviated the effects of previous deficiency. The plant is generally green and flourishing, but has not tilled well in localities inclining to dryness.

High condition is reported in the South, though rust has appeared upon the wheat blades in some fields. The percentages of condition of states of principal production are:

Ohio, 90; Michigan, 92; Indiana, 95; Illinois, 98; Missouri, 93; Kansas, 98; Texas 88.

In the East, New York and Pennsylvania average 96, and Maryland and Virginia 98. Chinch bugs are reported in Missouri and Kansas, and in some instances elsewhere, without any indication of serious injury.

Spring plowing is much further advanced than on May 1 of last year.

The percentage of plowing in preparing the seed bed and planting spring crops, not including of after cultivation, which had already been done, is 83.6 per cent, leaving one-sixth to be done in May and June in northern latitudes.

Last year the percentage was 74.6.

The average of a series of recent years has been about 77.

This season is, therefore, unusually early.

In some cases correspondents speak of delays from heavy rains, from labor in replanting and other causes, preventing still further advancement.

Cut Worms.

Reports from all sections in Southern Arkansas are to the effect that the farmers are considerably alarmed by the ravages of cut worms. In many places in Drew, Bradley and Desha counties farmers have planted cotton as many as three times, and each time it has been destroyed by the worms. Merchants are apprehensive and business is paralyzed.

THE COTTON CROP.

The Agricultural Department Report for the Month of May.

The progress of cotton planting as reported in May by the department of Agriculture is as follows: On the first of the month 87 per cent of the proposed area was planted. This is the point earlier than the average of a series of years.

Only Virginia, North Carolina and Florida reports planting slightly later.

The percentages are North Carolina, 74; South Carolina, 86; Georgia, 87; Florida, 94; Alabama, 87; Mississippi, 88; Louisiana, 89; Texas, 90; Arkansas, 86; Tennesseee, 84; general average, 87.

Returns generally make the commencement of planting earlier. In many counties dry weather has prevented geamination and replanting became necessary. Some correspondents note the fact that an early beginning does not insure an early ending.

Complaints of retarded germination are common east of the Mississippi, and in Texas delay of planting and germination and of retarded growth, and cultivation, from excess of rain, of that planted in February.

The area early planted, where subsequent weather conditions have been favorable, was being cultivated a second time in the more southern belt. Breadths less advanced were being chopped out at the date of the report, at the same time replanting of poor stands was in progress.

CANADIAN CROPS.

The Twenty-Fifth Bulletin Issued by the Ontario Government.

The Ontario department of Agriculture has issued bulletin No. 25 from the bureau of Industries. It reports a remarkable and gratifying contrast in the tenor of information about fall wheat, as compared with that of the spring of 1888.

Wherever winter rye is grown extensively, prospects of an extraordinary crop are reported.

From the province, as a whole, reports regarding the clover crop are bad, the early spring having put heavy tax upon the plant.

The condition of farm animals throughout the province is much better than could have been hoped for six months ago. The lateness of the fall and the earliness of the spring relieved the scarcity of fodder and the result was an easy winter.

No infectious, or epizootic diseases, are reported. Vegetation is a week or two in advance of last year and the season has been early for plowing and seeding. The winter was favorable to bees.

DAMAGE TO CROPS.

Wheat Either Blown Out of the Ground or Covered so Deep that it Can't Come Up.

After blowing hard all day Monday and Monday night, in the Northwest, the wind on May 7 increased to a gale, and did considerable damage to buildings and crops.

At Buffalo, Minnesota, the storm reached its greatest severity. Wheat was in many places blown out of the ground by the roots. In other places it is buried so deep that it will never come up.

The Yankton, Dakota, wind assumed the violence of a hurricane. The city hall, a new and staunch building, rocked so that the council hastily adjourned and went into the street.

The storm was followed by a soaking rain.

At Hinckley, Minn., a severe wind storm prevailed all day doing damage to timber and blowing down shade trees.

An engine running between Sandstone and Sandstone Junction was wrecked on by a tree falling across the engine while running at a speed of fifteen miles an hour.

THE CHARLESTON.

She Starts on the Trial Trip—A Very Successful Run.

The United States cruiser Charleston arrived at Santa Barbara, Cala., for her trial trip on May 8, making, under easy steam during the last portion of her trip, a little more than fourteen knots per hour. The cruiser left Mission Rock in San Francisco bay at 5:48 o'clock Tuesday morning. In the circular deck bulwarks, fore and aft, where the 8-inch rifled guns are to find positions, and in the sponsors for the accomodation of the 6-inch guns, were piled pig-iron bars in sufficient number to represent the weight of powerful guns.

The fine railings and mountings lacked polish, while a great portion of the wood and metal work was covered with tarpaulins for protection. Lanterns were suspended in the ward-rooms and passageways for lighting purposes in lieu of the electric light plant, which is not yet complete. Apart from these two features, which had no bearing upon the working capacity of the cruiser, she was in readiness to attempt the duty assigned her of developing 7,000 horse power by her two compound engines for four consecutive hours—a more severe test, it is claimed, than any to which the ships of war are usually subjected in making a test of power and speed.

The cruiser was in command of Capt. C. M. Goodall. The Official Inspection board of United States naval officers consisted of Commodore A. E. K. Benham, Commander H.

WASHINGTON---Continued.

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made By President Harrison.

The President on May 8, ppointed the following postmasters:

Robt. L. Houston, at Birmingham, Ala.; B. Smith, at Opelika, Ala.; Wm. H. Fenn, at Buffalo, Wyo.; Chas. A. Walker, at Wilton Junction, Iowa; Geo. Crane, at Dubuque, Iowa; Cyrus C. Carpenter, at Ft. Dodge, Iowa; Lyman S. Williams, at Esterville, Iowa; Nathan H. Shaw, Ventura, Cala.; James E. Whitson, at Selma, Cala.; Edwin M. Bennett, at Paso Robles, Cala.; Geo. B. Draper, at Monett, Mo.; Geo. W. Hoffman, at Plymouth, C.; Silas W. Kidder, at Vermilion, Dak.; Edward J. Barrett, at Alexandria, La.; Wm. A. Wood, at Gainesville, Ga.; Charles Swaine, at Murray, Idaho; Frank C. Morse, at Colfax, W. T.; Wm. H. H. Fonts, at Dayton, W. T.; Wm. D. Ray, at Reasedville, Ky.; Jesse F. Owen, at Sweetwater, Tenn.; John Tyrness, at Nashville, Mich.; Samuel C. Kirkbridge, at Clare, Mich.; Wm. H. Denman, at Wyandotte, Mich.; John S. Heald, at Hartford, Mich.; Jos. M. Jones, at Grayling, Mich.; Samuel S. Springer, at Plymouth, Mich.; Chas. Hall, at Herrington, Kas.; Louis Knowth, at Peabody, Kas.; Elgar D. Smith, at Jewett, Kas.; Lyman J. Flowers, at Osceola, Neb.; Mortimer L. Stewart, at Madison, Neb.; Benj. F. Thomas, at Wymore, Neb.; Furman B. Carly, at Chadron, Neb.; Wm. H. Widaman, at Norfolk, Neb.; George F. Poole, at Orange, Texas; John T. Ross, at Litchfield, Ill.; James Lynn, at Carrollton, Ill.

The President made the following appointments May 10:

GEO. D. REYNOLDS, of Missouri, to be U. S Attorney for the Eastern district of Missouri.

ELMER KILLAN, Mo., to be U. S. Attorney for the Western district of Missouri.

RICHARD R. PARIS, of Va., to be U. S. Marshal for the Eastern district of Virginia.

JOSEPH P. WILSON, of Idaho Territory, to be U. S. Marshal for the territory of Idaho.

The President made the following appointments on May 11:

JAMES M. TOWNSEND, of Richmond, Indiana, to be recorder of the general land office.

LARS K. AKKAR, of Minnesota, to be receiver of public moneys at Crookston, Minnesota.

JAMES A. FRAZELLINI, of New Mexico, to be receiver of public moneys at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

ROBERT ROBERTSON, of Indiana, to be a member of the board of registration and election in the Territory of Utah.

JOHN B. CATLIN, of Montana, to be agent for the Indians of the Black Feet agency in Montana.

The President made the following appointments on May 14:

J. F. PLUMMER, of New York city; GEORGE E. LEIGHTON, of St. Louis, Mo.; JESSE SPALDING, of Chicago, Ill., and RUFUS BULLOCK, of Atlanta, Ga., to be government directors of the Union Pacific railroad.

A. SAUNDERS, of Nebraska, to be a member of the board of registration and election in the territory of Utah.

WM. H. LYON, of New York, to be a member of the board of Indian Commissioners.

B. S. GILLESPIE, of Nebraska, to be register of the land office at Oneil, Neb.

S. C. WRIGHT, of Nevada, to be superintendent of the mint of the United States at Carson City, Nev.

THE SUPREME COURT.

A Batch of Important Decisions Rendered by That Body.

Among the decisions rendered on May 13 the Supreme court were the following:

No. 263—Seth A. Fowle et al., appellants, vs. John D. Parke et al., etc. Appeal from the Circuit court for the Southern district of Ohio. Decree reversed with costs and cause remanded for further proceedings, in conformity with the opinion of this court. Opinion by Chief Justice Fuller.

No. 302—L. M. Palmer, plaintiff in error, vs. E. F. Arthur, in error to the Circuit court for the district of Kentucky. Judgment affirmed with costs and 10 per cent damages in addition to interest. Opinion by Chief Justice Fuller.

No. 424—Nicholas S. Devries, appellant, vs. Frank H. Marsh, marshal, etc., et al. Appeal from the Circuit court of the United States for the Northern district of Illinois. Decree reversed per stipulation on motion of N. T. N. Robinson for appellant.

No. 696—Andrew J. Cropsey, plaintiff in error, vs. the county of Otoe, in error to the Circuit court of the United States for the district of Nebraska. Dismissed per stipulation on motion of Mr. W. A. McKinney in behalf of counsel.

No. 461—F. A. Wilder, plaintiff in error, vs. David Lyrcher et al., in error to the Circuit court of the United States for the district of Colorado. Dismissed per stipulation on motion of Mr. W. A. McKinney in behalf of counsel.

No. 226—Wallace Douglass, plaintiff in error, vs. Chas. W. Lewis, et al. in error to the Supreme court of the territory of New Mexico. Judgment affirmed with costs. Opinion by Chief Justice Fuller.

The chief justice announced the allotment of Mr. Justice Harlan to the Sixth Circuit. The court adjourned until October next.

The Supreme court also sustained the action of District Judge Ross at Los Angeles in sentencing Thomas J. Cuddy and Alexandro Savin to imprisonment for contempt of court. The contempt consisted of alleged attempts to bribe a witness and a juror in the hallway of the court house building but outside the court room itself. The principal contention for the sentenced men was that the contempt powers of the court did not extend outside the building. The court hold that misbehavior anywhere within the place set apart for the holding of the court is contempt of the court. Opinion by Justice Harlan.

THE LAW IS GOOD.

The Supreme Court Has Passed on the Famous Scott Case.

The United States Supreme court on May 13, affirmed the validity of the law excluding Chinese laborers, known as the Scott exclusion act.

Another Sensation in Washington Social Circles.

Helen Morgan Trenholm, 18 years of age, a niece of ex-Comptroller Trenholm, left her home in Georgetown, on the morning, of May 10 met by appointment Mr. Wilson W. Breneman, a young man 23 years of age, employed in a local real estate office, and the two were united in wedlock.

Then they went to Philadelphia, where they are now staying at the Lafayette hotel. Messages informing their parents of their marriage were sent home. Young Breneman is a nephew of Mr. A. A. Wilson, United States masshal for the District of Columbia. The reason for the runaway marriage was the opposition of Mr Breneman's mother to his marrying.

Palmer at Work.

Public Printer Palmer took charge of the government printing office on May 14. His first act was to appoint W. H. Collins, of Illinois, chief bookkeeper, vice F. U. Booth resigned.

SULKING IN HIS TENT.

Chief Mayes Refuses to Convene the Cherokee Legislature.

The Cherokees are somewhat exercised over the attitude of Chief Joel B. Mayes, with regard to the sale of the Cheorokee strip to the United States. The initial step toward the purchase is the calling together of the Cherokee legislature for approval of the sale.

Chief Mayes, however, refuses to convene the legislature for such a purpose.

A majority of the Indians are opposed to the sale and sustain Mayes, but a powerful minority is urging him to convene the General Assembly and settle the prices to be paid for the land.

It is understood the commissioners will offer $1.75 per acre, but the Cherokees are not likely to accept that figure, holding that $4 or $5 per acre would be no more than the land is worth.

While the diversity of opinion as to the sale at any price is great, it is understood if the 6,000,000 acres embraced in the strip could be disposed of for $24,000,000 to the government a sale might be effected. Unless Chief Mayes can be prevailed upon to convene the legislature it would seem as if the object of the commissioners would be defeated, as no purchase can be made without the sanction of that body.

He Settled the Strike.

A strike at A. M. Cox's broom factory Duluth, Minn., was settled in a rather singular manner. The proprietor increased the wages of all his married employes and gave the single men notice that they would not be wanted after the end of the month, unless they were married by that time, in which event they would be retained at an increased salary.

A Trust on Paper.

Wrapping paper men from every state between the Rocky and Allgeheny mountains, with the exception of Pennsylvania, representing 60 per cent. of the manufactured product, held a meeting at Chicago on May 10, for the purpose of bettering what they say is the present depressed condition of the trade.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

SAMOA.

Kimberly Using His Energy to Promote the Welfare of the Islanders—Knappe a Great Windbag—American Methods Admired.

The most important political event which has occurred at Samoa, was the issuing by Admiral Kimberly on April 17 of a proclamation advising the natives to put an end to the war which they had been carrying on among themselves for months. The admiral strongly urged that the fighting cease and the people re-unite for a common interest of their country. He stated he had a prepared a paper that could be signed by both parties who desired to obtain peace and establish order. He had the proclamation translated into Samoan language and distributed all over the island. Capt. Farquhar, of the Trenton, was sent to lay the matter before Tamasese and request him to distribute circulars among his men. Tamasese received the delegation very courteously and replied that he, too, desired to see the war closed, and promised to distribute the circulars. He said he would reply to Admiral Kimberly in writing later.

Admiral Kimberly stated to the Associated Press correspondent that he had issued the proclamation after conferences with Mataafa, and because he felt something must be done at once to assist the natives in establishing peace. He had interviewed the German and British consuls, but found they would do nothing to assist him; so he determined to issue the proclamation entirely upon his own responsibility. The admiral believed the present conditions were favorable, and hoped that the proclamation would, sooner or later, have the effect of drawing the parties together. He said there is nothing in his notices that either party can object to, and the paper which he has prepared to be signed is to be used only in event of the natives agreeing upon some plan of action.

His desire was to assist the Berlin conference by bringing about such condition of affairs that the government could be formed in Samoa immediately upon the conclusion of the conference. He had advised Mataafa to remain perfectly quiet.

April 22 Admiral Kimberly received a letter from Tamasese, the latter singing himself as "King of Samoa." He declined to make any overtures for peace at present, though he said he desired to have the war brought to a close, and would like to see the same condition of affairs in Samoa as in the latter part of 1887. This was just after Malieton had been deposed by the Germans and Tamasese installed. Tamasese also offered to forgive Mataafa and all his men if they would throw down their arms. He also stated he would not reconsider any proposition for peace until after the conclusion of the Berlin conference.

Mataafa and Tamasese afterward agreed upon a temporary truce and promised Admiral Kimberly they would do nothing to alter the peaceable state of affairs until after the Berlin conference had adjourned. Notwithstanding the precautions against the sale of liquor the naval officers had more or less trouble with drunken sailors who had been able in some way to secure liquor on various occasions. Several of them have been severely punished.

Only One-Third of the Bodies Recovered.

Not more than one-third of the bodies of the victims of the storm have been recovered and it is supposed the greater number were either washed far out to sea or are fastened in coral reefs. United States store ship Monongahela arrived off Harbor April 8. Admiral Kimberly did not wish to trust her in the treacherous harbor, she being a sailing vessel and after taking off a few stores, sent her to the harbor of Pago Pago.

All but 80 of the German sailors went to Sydney March 31, on a steamer which belonged to the German Trading company just arrived. Before leaving Capt. Von Erhardt, of the German war vessel Olga, said he had had enough of Samoa and thought the best thing the Germans could do was to withdraw from the islands and leave the country. The Olga, which was not seriously injured in the storm, also sailed for Sydney. The Olga saluted the American flag as she steamed out of the harbor. The Associated Press correspondent called on Dr. Knappe, the German consul, a few days after the Olga sailed and asked him if he still recognized a state of war between the Germans and Mataafa. He replied that he certainly did and that other German war vessels would be sent here.

He spoke very harshly of Mataafa, and said the natives would have stopped fighting among themselves long ago if Mataafa's men had not been urged on by certain white residents of Apia. He declared that the German war ships coming would bring 2,000 troops. Notwithstanding these representations, Dr. Knappe told an entirely different story, two weeks ago. At that time, Patu, one of Mataafa's most influential chiefs, heard of Knappe's utterances, and called on him in person. Patu told Knappe that if he reported that Germans were to prosecute a vigorous war against them were true, he wanted to know it. If so, he did not propose to wait until they arrived, but would send 2,000 men to the German plantations at once, to carry off everything they could find.

The Samoans, he said, did not propose to wait quietly until the Germans got enough men there to kill them off, but it was to be war they wanted to fight it out right then. Knappe assured Patu that the reports were not correct, that no more ships were coming, and that there would be no war between the Germans and the Samoans. In a conference between Mataafa and Admiral Kimberly, in which the former urged either to send the soldiers home in a state of peace, Mataafa represented that the country was going to ruin, crops were spoiling on account of men not being at home to attend to them, and the natives not only were making no money but had already reduced themselves to poverty by contributing their means to carry on the war.

Mataafa said if Tamasese consented he wanted both parties to break up their camps and let their men go to their homes. Admiral Kimberly and Vice Consul Blacklock afterwards had a conference with Consul Knappe in regard to the matter, but nothing was accomplished, although Knappe declared the proposition to meet his approval.

There was a near approach to renewed hostilities April 3 on account of rumors that while Mataafa's forces were being reviewed in Apia, Tamasese would make a descent on Mataafa's camps and overpower them. A large number of Mataafa's warriors watched Tamasese's camp for several days, but the matter finally blew over.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Ninety Thousand Idle Men Hunting Around for Trouble.

The Strike committee of the Dortmund miners have issued a manifesto signed by Baute, Schroeder and Siegel, in which they declare that the strikers will not resume work until all their demands are conceded by the mine owners. The miners in the Essen district have struck. This accession to the number of strikers raises the total of the men who have now quit work to 90,000.

A council of the Prussian ministry was held on May 14 to consider the question of the strike among the coal miners. The session was a prolonged one. Prince Bismarck presided. At the height of the discussion Emperor William appeared in the council chamber and took an active part in the deliberations. It is reported that the council decided to summon to Berlin deputations from the mine owners and miners in order that they may submit their deputies to arbitration by the government.

Emperor William received Shroeder, Baute and Siegel, the Westphalian committee, as the delegates of 100,000 miners.

Want an Advance.

The strikers at Essen, Germany, held a meeting at which it was resolved to adhere to their demands for an advance of fifteen per cent in their wages and a reduction of their working hours to seven per day.

Killed by Insurgents.

A dispatch from Zanzibar to the London *Times* says that an officer and seamen, belonging to the German war ship Schwalber, have been killed by insurgents at Bagamayo.

Weavers on a Strike.

Ten thousand weavers employed in the cotton factories at Thizy, department of the Rhone, France, have gone on a strike. Fears are entertained that the strike will extend to Lyons.

The Pope Ill.

The pope is indisposed. His Holiness is suffering from the effects of the sirocco, which has been prevailing for some days.

Grant in Vienna.

Col. Frederick D. Grant, the new American minister to Austria, has arrived at Vienna.

Fish is Out.

James D. Fish, ex-President of the Marine Bank, was released from prison at Auburn, N. Y., on May 11, and in company with his two daughters started for New York. He is in the best of health, and refuses to be interviewed.

STORMY WEATHER.

AN AWFUL STORM.

The Great City Swept by a Gale Accompanied by Rain.

On May 10 New York City was blown into utter confusion. In the morning the mercury commenced to climb up and at noon had reached 92 degrees. At 4:30 o'clock a heavy leaden cloud, its edges fringed and bearing all evidence of being full of wind, appeared. The cloud came on at a rapid pace and soon shut out the sun's rays entirely, and the darkness was so intense that New Yorkers had to light their lamps in order to do business. The approach of the storm was heralded by thunder, and the sky was streaked with lightning. The looming darkness came up from the south and west, and rapidly spread one wing out and touched the ocean on the Jersey coast, and thus came sweeping on. Meanwhile persons at high points in the city paused to watch the spectacle.

While sweeping over Susquehanna, Pa., a lightning bolt fell upon William Clopper and killed him. When the rushing storm, of which no breath had yet been felt here, reached Jersey soil it leveled an engine house of the Pennsylvania railroad at Burlington. Trees were torn up and fences and telegraph poles blown down. One tree fell across the railroad track, delaying trains.

At 5 o'clock the dense black cloud bank had reached New Brunswick, N. J., where the mercury rapidly fell 25 deg., and though miles away seemed towering and reaching as though to blot out this town The spectacle was assuming a fearsome grandeur to those who watched it from high places here. While sweeping over the face of Jersey, the tornado blowing 50 miles an hour, had whirled up volumes of red dust from the soil. It was sucked up before the storm and spread like a mantle before the black breast of the on rushing storm.

At 5:10 the first send frays of the central storm had led the way over the city, had darkened the refracted light in the east and north; the twilight had come down. People came from their houses to learn the cause of the early darkness. Thousands of shop girls and women were on the streets, going homeward, all avenues of passage and travel were filled; but people paused, looked each into the face of his neighbor and inquired the meaning of the copper-tinted twilight that was deepening so early.

In an instant the lower city was charged. Wind rushed in between the tall buildings at a speed of 50 miles an hour, licked the streets clean of dust at one moment, and shifted them at the next. There was over all a deep tone of roaring wind, and against it was the staccato effects of women's shrieks, men's hoarse shouts, and the neighing of scared horses, the sharp beating of sheets of sand on window panes, the jingle of broken glass, the crash of broken signs, and the faint sound of distress whistles on the river and bay.

Street car windows were blown out. Cabs with open doors were overturned or twisted. And meantime, over all, the terrific, sourceless, fearsome roar of the cyclonic tempest. Thus persons in the storm's course struggled from 5:15 for nearly half an hour. When rain began to fall, the lurid, livid atmosphere began to clear, the dust was laid, and men and women began to move, for they could once more see.

By 7 o'clock the rain had ceased, the air was pure and cool and the storm has grown only to be a dark brown on the sea. And ever since the reports of the damage have been pouring in.

The area covered by these reports is Southern New York, Eastern Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, Connecticut and Massachusetts. No deaths are reported in this city, but many painful casualties.

A KANSAS TORNADO.

A Lively Time—Many People Injured—Houses Carried Away.

Kansas was visited by a tornado on May 8, in the northern part of Platt county, extending over the eastern portion of Stafford and up into Rice county. The funnel-shaped cloud formed between 7 and 8 o'clock, and could be seen for miles. The district over which it passed was sparsely settled, and but for this fact the loss of life and property would have been terrible.

The cyclone first struck at a point about five miles southeast of Stafford, and for miles in a northeasterly direction left nothing but a barren waste, strewn with the wrecks of houses and barns, trees and fences, with here ahd there the bodies of stock either killed or crippled by the wind. The only person killed outright was William Crawford, whose neck was broken by the flying timbers of his house, which was totally demolished. The casualties, so far as known, are:

A. F. Guinup's house was totally destroyed, and himself and family badly injured. His wife and a young babe were carried a distance of 100 feet and the child's thigh was broken.

Joseph Giles's house was totally destroyed and the contents scattered in every direction.

The house belonging to Mrs. Lindley and occupied by herself and two stepchildren—Maude and Wm. Blued—was blown to atoms. Mrs. Lindley was seriously injured and is not expected to recover. Jas. Seliers's fine two-story house was torn to pieces and so scattered that not a splinter remained on the former site. Another large house not yet occupied was demolished.

A large number of horses and cattle were killed and crippled. Physicians were summoned and the people of the whole country turned out to render every assistance possible.

Many other buildings were more or less damaged, and when the cyclone crossed the Santa Fe railroad between Sterling and Alden the telegraph poles were leveled to the earth and other damage done. There were no fatalities in that district.

TORNADO IN THE EAST.

Great Damage Done to Farms and Railroad Property.

Reports of damage by the terrible storm of the night of May 10, are coming into Pittsburg from all parts of Allegheny county, and in fact from nearly every place in eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania. The loss, however, cannot be approximated at this time.

Farms were washed out, houses, fences and trees along all of the streams were swept away, and land slides occurred on nearly every road leading out of Pittsburg.

So far but two deaths from drowning have been reported. Two children of Conrad Schaefer, aged 3 and 7 years, respectively, of Spring Gardenborough, north of Allegheny, were swept away by the flood and Mr. and Mrs. Schaefer narrowly escaped from meeting the same fate. Their house is located near the bank of Butcher's run, the scene of the frightful disaster of fifteen years ago, when 200 persons were swept to death by the angry waters.

The lightning played havoc all night long. A stable belonging to Fred Hampke, on Mt. Oliver street, was struck and succumbed. Fourteen horses and two cows were cremated. The loss is $10,000.

A South Side street car caught a bolt. The passengers were electrified, but not seriously hurt.

Telegraph and telephone wires were deranged throughout a large section of country.

The Postal wires were all down east and the Western Union was badly crippled.

Trains were late on all the roads, but all were opened and running except the Washington, Pa., branch of the Baltimore & Ohio. The rainfall was nearly three inches in three hours and the Ohio river rose three feet in as many hours.

An Iowa Tornado.

A cyclone came down the west bank of the Des Moines river on May 10, keeping at a high altitude until Court avenue, Des Moines was reached, when it struck the building occupied by Warfield & Howell as a wholesale house.

The wind tore the tin roof into small squares, carrying them to the southwest a distance of three or four blocks.

Twenty-three sheets of the tin of the roof were rolled up into a large mass at the west side of the building, part of it overhanging the walls.

Several other tin roofs in that vicinity were loosened, but none seriously damaged. Citizens were badly frightened, and many sought shelter in cellars.

Rain in Dakota.

The most beneficial rain of the season fell in Dakota, on the 9th. The ground is now well soaked and fears for a set back to the crops are allayed.

Every crop is now especially promising, as all the conditions are favorable and the season is from two to three weeks earlier than last year.

The Kansas Cyclone.

Additional particulars from the scene of the cyclone, near Hutchinson, Kas., indicate that the first reports were in the main correct. The storm extended over an area of forty miles in length and two miles in width. The loss of property and stock was very great.

To Cleanse the Skin and Scalp of every Blemish and Impurity Cuticura Remedies Are Infallible.

MY DISEASE (PSORIASIS) first broke out on my left cheek, spreading across my nose, and almost covering my face. It ran into my eyes, and the physician was afraid I would lose my eyesight altogether. It spread all over my head, and my hair all fell out, until I was entirely baldheaded; it then broke out on my arms and shoulders, until my arms were just one sore. It covered my entire body, my face, head, and shoulders being the worst. The white scabs fell constantly from my head, shoulders, and arms, the skin would thicken and be red and very itchy, and would crack and bleed if scratched. After spending many hundreds of dollars, I was pronounced incurable. I heard of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and after using two bottles CUTICURA RESOLVENT, I could see a change; and after I had taken four bottles, I was almost cured; and when I had used six bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT and one box of CUTICURA, and one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, I was cured of the dreadful disease from which I had suffered for five years. I thought the disease would leave a very deep scar, but the CUTICURA REMEDIES cured it without any scars. I cannot express with a pen what I suffered before using the CUTICURA REMEDIES. They saved my life, and I feel it my duty to recommend them. My hair is restored as good as ever, and so is my eyesight. I know of a number of different persons who have used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and all have received great benefit from their use. MRS. ROSA KELLY, Rockwell City, Calhoun Co., Iowa.

I cannot say enough in praise of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. My boy, when one year of age, was so bad with eczema that he lost all of his hair. His scalp was covered with eruptions, which the doctor said was scald head, and that his hair would never grow again. Despairing of a cure from physicians, I began the use of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and, I am happy to say, with the most perfect success. His hair is now splendid, and there is not a pimple on him. I recommend the CUTICURA REMEDIES to mothers as the most speedy, economical, and sure cure for all skin diseases of infants and children, and feel that every mother will thank me for so doing. MRS. M. E. WOODSUM, Norway, Me.

Cuticura Remedies

For cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin and scalp and curing every species of agonizing, humiliating, itching, burning, scaly, and pimply diseases of the SKIN, SCALP, AND BLOOD, and humors, blotches, eruptions, sores, scales, crusts, ulcerations, swellings, abscesses, tumors, and loss of hair, whether simple, scrofulous, or contagious, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are simply infallible.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most agonizing itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of every trace of disease, heals ulcers and sores, removes crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the greatest of skin beautifiers, is indispensable in treating skin diseases and baby humors. It produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands, free from pimple, spot, or blemish. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the CAUSE. Hence the CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible curatives for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents per box; CUTICURA SOAP, 25 cents; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1.00 per bottle. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

HANDS Soft, white, and free from chaps and redness, by using CUTICURA SOAP.

GENERAL NEWS.

RACE WAR IN GRETNA, LA.

The Former Get Too Gay to Suit the the Latter, and a Regulating Posse Springs into Existence.

Some days ago a free fight occurred in Gretna, La., opposite this city, between members of the Mechanics' Fire company, (white), and a number of negroes. Several shots were fired, and knives were used. The negroes finally fled in the darkness, when it was found that two white men, R. Rau and Hillary Roberts, had been seriously stabbed. Geo. Lombard and Neill, (colored), were accused of doing the stabbing.

The affair created great excitement among the whites of the place, and bad blood has existed ever since. The fight was termed a war on the part of the negroes, who outnumber the whites by about five to one.

The negroes had a picnic later, and a report was circulated that they would take advantage of the occasion to precipitate a riot. A large police force from New Orleans was sent over, but the riot did not come off, however, a riot did occur. About 1 o'clock fire broke out in the Good Intent (colored) engine house. People on this side of the river flocked to the Jackson street ferry. Quite a large crowd collected and a majority of them crossed over. Upon arriving at Gretna they were met by a delegation of Gretna militia, who hurried them to the scene of the fire. A colored military company's arsenal adjoining the engine house ignited and two buildings were entirely consumed.

One of these houses was occupied by C. F. Brown, a colored member of the legislature. Every effort was made to get him to come out of the house, but he feared to face the armed whites. They did not harm him, however, but assisted in saving his household effects. The cause of the fire is unknown, but is believed to have been the work of an incendiary. Several negroes refused to leave the burning buildings with their families until their clothing began to scorch from the heat. Several men escaped through back windows, going through the barn and then down the railroad track. After getting away some distance these were fired at by whites, but none were hit.

In some of the earlier promiscuous firing, however, three negroes were wounded, Charley Hotter dangerously; Charley S. Prosper, shot in the arm, and another, name unknown, shot in back. During the conflagration a large number of white men armed with shot guns, rifles and pistols, congregated around the scene and prevented any negro from coming within 100 yards of the fire. The only engine in Gretna broke down early in action. The fire finally died out for want of further material. While the smoldering embers were dying out, armed squads scattered promiscuously around the town and entered a number of negroes' cabins, ostensibly in search of arms. The white people, notwithstanding reinforcement from the city, were still in an excited state and anticipated trouble.

Colored men and children have been leaving Gretna all day for this city, taking with them such clothing and household effects as they could carry. Many of them left the village before daylight.

As the negroes of Gretna have had full sway in labor and political matters, they are very domineering, and this, coupled with the stabbing affray and reported negro uprisings, had the effect of angering some of the white residents who determined to regulate matters.

Seizure of Opium.

One of the largest seizures of opium ever made at San Francisco this port took place after the arrival of the Pacific Mail steamer City of New York, on May 10. Deputy Surveyor Fogarty and an inspector seized five large trunks, which were filled with opium and labeled "Ah King, Panama."

Previous to making this seizure, Fogarty had found a small package on the steerage deck, containing about fifteen pounds of prepared opium of good brand.

His suspicions were excited and he made further inspection of the Chinese passengers and baggage. He found what he believed to be an unusually large amount of baggage for so few passengers, and he accordingly directed each Chinaman to select his personal belongings.

When this had been done these five trunks remained, which no one appeared and claimed.

Ah King's name could not be found on the passenger list and the trunks were accordingly taken ashore. They were found to contain nearly 200 packages of opium each, making about 1,000 lbs. of the drug, which with its duty would bring the value up to $16,000.

Big Brewery Deals.

Another brewery "combine" has been consummated in Newark, N. J., in which millions of dollars are represented. The breweries are those of Gottfried Krueger and Christina Trefz, in this city; Peter Hauck, in Harrison; Adolph Hupfel, in New York, and the Albany Brewing company, N. Y. It is proposed to issue stock to the amount of $4,750,000, which will be taken by a number of New Jersey, New York, and English capitalists. The titles to each of the breweries will pass to the company, but the actual control of the property will remain in the hands of the present owners for about ten years. Part of the payments will be in stock of the new company, but there will be large cash payments. It is stated that Mr. Krueger will receive $1,000,000 in cash, while Mr. Hauck is put down for $500,000.

Can Not Gamble on Wheat.

Governor Francis, of Missouri, on May 10, signed the Grain option bill, which thus becomes a law. The bill virtually prohibits all dealing in grain options unless the parties dealing in such options actually own the grain. The statute is so worded that the issue cannot be dodged and grain dealers are greatly wrought up and claim the law will drive them to East St, Louis.

A SOUTHERN OUTRAGE.

A Mob Stops all Negro Voting in a Louisiana Parish.

Four hundred armed men under Gen. Alexander Declouette, of St. Martin's parish, Louisiana, rode into Lafayette on the night of May 7, took possession of the town, and demanded the resignation of the negro justice of the peace and negro constable; the latter had disappeared, but the former complied with their demand. The Republicans, pretending to have heard that Mr. Vignaux, a prominent Republican who had been suggested by Congressman Coleman as United States marshal of the western district of Louisiana, had furnished arms to the negroes, called on that gentleman, who is now town marshal of Lafayette, and discussed with him the matter of his having attempted to vote negroes at the election last Monday.

They informed him that their purpose was to prevent negroes from voting and they intended to enforce their views on the subject, intimating that the best thing Mr. Vignaux could do was to desist from any further efforts on behalf of negro suffrage. Mr. Vignaux stated that he had no more anxiety than they had on the subject; that he was going to polls Monday morning performing his sworn duty under the law. This statement being satisfactory the regulators concluded to allow Vignaux to live a while longer. He exists, by probation, so to speak.

The regulators and authorities finally agreed that an election should be held on May 13, for municipal officers, at Lafayette, at which only the white men shall vote. As this election will not be legal, the names of those receiving the majority of the votes cast will be sent to the governor for appointment.

"White supremacy" is the slogan of the regulators, but as there are but few negroes in Lafayette parish their war cry would seem to have no application there.

THE "Q" DYNAMITERS.

The Last Step in the Once Famous Case.

The cases of Broderick, Baureisen and Goding, the "Q" dynamiters came up in the Federal court at Chicago, Ill., on May 8. They had been indicted for conspiring to interfere with the United States mails by blowing up trains on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad. The defendants were engineers on that road, and were on a strike.

On motion of the United States district attorney, these indictments were stricken from the docket, defendants having been convicted in the state courts. Bowles and Smith, who were indicted at the same time, who turned informers, were allowed to go on their own recognizance.

Tate's Successor.

A Democratic state convention met at Louisville, Ky., on May 8, to nominate a candidate for state treasurer, to be elected in August. Notable men present were Senator Blackburn, Congressmen McCreary, Stone, Caruth and Montgomery, and Congressman-elect T. H. Paynter.

Congressman McCreary was made temporary and Congressman Stone permanent chairman, without opposition. State Treasurer Stephen G. Sharp, who was appointed to succeed the fugitive Tate, was nominated.

The majority report of resolutions endorsed the national platforms of 1884 and 1888, especial reference being made to the stand taken on the tariff. A minority report endorsed previous national Democratic platforms generally, and purposely avoids reference to the tariff.

The majority report was adopted by an almost unanimous vote.

Blooded Horses.

The sale of trotting stock, from Senator Stanford's farm in Colorado, began at the American Institute building, New York, on May 8. The attendance was good, and prices were very satisfactory. Among the earlier sales were these: Elector, b. s., 1880, sire Electioneer, dam Lady Babcock, to Miller & Sibley, Franklin, Pa., $2,200; Clarissa, br. f., 1887, by Electioneer, dam Carabel, to M. A. Dougherty, N. Y., $2,050; Llela, br. f., 1887, by Electioneer, dam Lizzie Collins, Miller & Sibley, $1,000; Caln, b. c., 1880, sire Electioneer, dam Cecil, A. J. Peck, Syracuse, N. Y., $2,500; a brown filly foaled in 1885, sire Electioneer, dam Alvavetta, Robert Steel, Philadelphia, $1,000.

Lincoln Banqueted.

Robt. T. Lincoln, the newly appointed American minister to England, was given a farewell banquet at the Union League club at Chicago on May 7. Five hundred gentlemen were present. There was no formal speech making. Mr. Lincoln in a few words of reply to the congratulations of those present said he hoped to discharge the duties of his mission in such manner as would merit the commendation of his countrymen and the government of the United States.

To be Black Listed.

The Window Glass Workers' association at Pittsburg Pa., has issued an order that all foreign glass workers who come to this country for work hereafter are to be black listed. This action is the result of the recent importations of foreign glass workers who were brought to this country to work at the new glass works just started at Jeannette, Pa., near this city. These men, it is alleged, were imported here in violation of the contract labor law.

Panama Depopulated.

Never in its history has the isthmus presented the scene it offered May 14. Thousands of people out of work, busy centers of activity along the canal are abandoned, and many hundreds of houses deserted by their former residents. The smaller villages are almost uninhabited.

THE SIOUX RESERVATION.

Settlers Waiting for the Time of Its Opening.

For some time hundreds of settlers have been lying in wait along the Sioux reservation for the appointment of the Sioux commission, and recently when the news was received, many went on the reservation and staked out their prospective claims.

The matter was called to the attention of the Interior officials and now a dispatch from Washington says settlers will not be molested by the government if they go on the reservation peaceably, pick out the land and make no disturbance, as it is only a question of time when the lands will be ceded and thrown open.

Bound for Dakota.

A number of "prairie schooners" arrived at Chamberlain, Dak., on the 10th. from the Oklahoma country, and are camped north of town, on Antrican creek, where they intend to remain until the Sioux reservation is thrown open to settlement.

Judging by reports that are being received from along the line, these arrivals are but the beginning of a considerable exodus from the Oklahoma country.

An agent representing a colony of 600 families from the Devil's Lake district, in North Dakota, is on the ground to arrange for the colony to come at once when the success of the Sioux commission is assured. The fact that crops in North Dakota have been blasted by frost two seasons induces people to seek new homes on the Sioux reservation.

The ferry at Pierre is doing a big business, transferring prospective homeseekers across the Missouri river.

UNITED BRETHEREN.

The World's Quadrennial Conference in York, Pennsylvania.

The World's Quadrennial Conference of the United Brethren church was opened at York, Pa., on May 11, by Senior Bishop Weaver of Dayton, Ohio. The bishops' address was read by Bishop Weaver. It showed an increase in the past quadrennium of 40,000 members in the church, 143 organized societies, nearly $200,000 in benevolent interests, over a half million in church property valuation, and a gain in the Sunday school attendance of 57,000. The mission collections were $309,460, an increase of $101,000 over the previous years. It favored the non-prohibition clause pertaining to membership in secret societies, which stand brought a minority report from Bishop Wright of Ohio. This will likely be the cause of a disruption in the church.

The New Constitution Adopted—A Bolt and a Double Header.

Rev. Medsger opened the United Brethren conference on May 14. Bishop Kephart reported for the board of bishops that they had found a majority of the votes cast for the new constitution and amended confession of faith, and they therefore declared it adopted, and henceforth "the fundamental belief and organic law of the church."

When the meeting was opened under the new constitution, the minority left the opera-house and held a secret session in another part of the town. Here they determined to bolt, which they accordingly did, and opened a second convention in the Park Opera-house at 2 o'clock. Bishop Wright, of Ohio, presided. This faction will meet in session for a week.

INDIANA ELECTIONS.

The Republicans Make Gains All Through the State.

The returns from the municipal elections held in Indiana on May 8, indicate general gains for the Republicans where politics figured in the contest, the victories in some places being quite unexpected, as for instance, at Sullivan, a Democratic stronghold, while gains were made at Winchester, Fortville, Rochester, Hartford City and Edinburg. Small gains were made by the Democrats at Spencer, Rockport and Houghville.

In some of the larger towns high license was the issue and in the majority of places the saloon candidates were defeated.

THE BALD KNOBBERS.

Execution of Three of Them at Ozark, Mo., —What Bald Knobbism Is.

The last act in the Bald Knob hanging ot Ozark, Mo., on May 9th, was an awful bungle. At 9:53 the three men ascended the scaffold, and when the drop fell the ropes to which they were suspended broke and the three men fell to the floor below, struggling and groaning.

The faces of those in attendance grew pale, and their eyes bulged out as they gazed on the bold dead outlaws at their feet, and pondered on the horribly bungling human butchery which was taking place.

At 10:10, by orders of the sheriff, the half insensible men were carried again to the scaffold, and this time the work was effective Dave Walker died in 15 minutes, his son, Bill Walker, in 14 minutes and John Matthews in 13 minutes.

STRUCK GOLD.

A Valuable Find Near Glendive, Mont.—Citizens Enthused.

Great excitement was caused on May 13 by United States Signal Officer J. H. Ray, who brought into Glendive a nugget of pure gold worth $45 that he found in a gulch several miles southeast of that city.

At first do